THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVII.—No. 1395

SEPTEMBER 10, 1930

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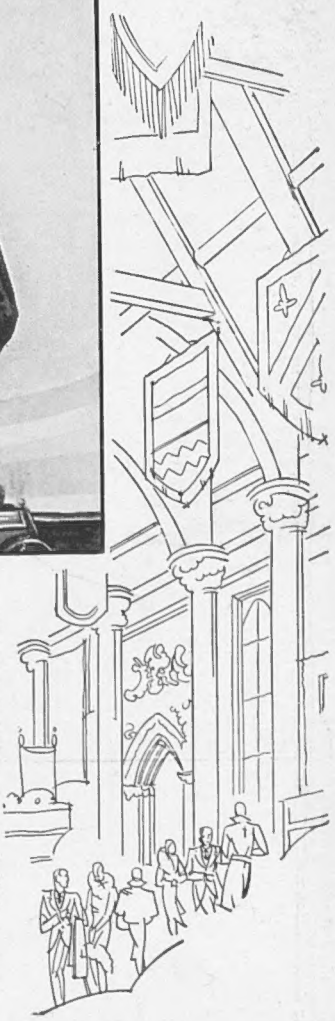

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The Bystander, September 10, 1930 No. 1395. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

Dorothy Wilding

PRINCESS GEORGE IMERETINSKY

Who, before her marriage to Prince George Imeretinsky in 1925, was Miss Averil Mullens, is the younger daughter of Sir John and Lady Mullens, of Belgrave Square. Her husband was educated in England, and in the War held a commission in the Brigade of Guards

Lenare

Lady Sarah and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, the elder daughters of the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, photographed at Lowesby Hall. They are the granddaughters of the Duke of Marlborough

RUMANIA'S ROYALTIES EN VACANCE

An interesting group of Greek and Rumanian Royalties on holiday at Mamaia, the fashionable Rumanian watering place a few miles from Constantza, which the British Fleet has been visiting. Seen above are Prince Paul of Greece (left), a Lady-in-Waiting, Queen Helen of Rumania, Princess Irene of Greece, a Lady-in-Waiting and the ex-King of Greece

Photographs *Central News*

PRINCESS ILEANA OF RUMANIA

She is seen wearing the Naval uniform she wore when she paid a visit to the British cruisers which visited Constantza

The Passing Hour

THE engagement of Miss Tanis Guinness to Mr. Drogo Montagu, the son of Lord Sandwich, has now been announced. Her sister and her three namesakes are all married. Meraud, the artist, married Guevara, the artist. Aileen Guinness is now the sister-in-law of Lord Plunket. Oonagh Guinness is the daughter-in-law of Sir Robert Kindersley, Maureen Guinness is now Lady Dufferin. Her step-cousin, Zita Jungman, is Mrs. Arthur James. Only her other step-cousin, Miss Baby Jungman, is left.

An Entertaining Family

THREE, four and five years ago it was difficult to read a social column without some reference to the hospitality of the Guinness clan, whether it was in Great Cumberland Place or Carlton House Terrace or Grosvenor Place. Mrs. Benjamin Guinness's fancy dress and other parties were the talk and the rendezvous of the Bright Young People. Now those days have passed and no one has come forward to take their place.

Setting a Fashion

THE social reign of the Guinnesses was quite a little epoch in itself. Their masked balls and sausages for a 3 a.m. breakfast, expensive cabarets and treasure hunts were gay and very popular.

Mrs. Benjamin Guinness still gives small parties at her villa behind Cannes or in New York. But the days of Carlton House Terrace are over, and it is for the young married couples that the most amusing entertaining is now being done. I should hate to be a debutante these days.

The New Craze

THIS would be an inadequate chronicle of the week if one made no reference to the invasion of

midget golf, courses of which are being installed everywhere, from the Kit-Cat to Selfridge's. It is a pleasant sport and is likely to fill in admirably the time between late tea and dinner, which for so long we have passed in cocktail drinking. Midget golf is sure to be a craze throughout this autumn and winter. But one does not know how long it will last after that.

Thrills Needed

ANY indoor game, to be successful, must give a thrill and need skill. The question whether midget golf can provide the one and compel the other probably depends on the individual course. In any case, it forms an admirable vehicle for a small gamble. Professional golfers who have tried it are inclined rather to sniff at it, because their skill on a real course does not do them any good or give them any advantage. Nevertheless, it is sure to catch on for a while, as I say.

An Author's Return

LION-HUNTING hostesses may be interested to know that Robert Graves, the author of "Good-bye to All That," has at last returned from his self-imposed exile in the Balearic Islands, where he went after writing his memoirs. He is now living somewhere off the King's Road, in Chelsea, and is probably writing another book.

Central News

The British team photographed at Roslyn, Long Island, before the start of their first important match in America, which resulted in a comfortable win over their opponents, Greentree. The team comprises Capt. Richard George (left), Mr. Gerald Balding, Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. L. L. Lacey

A Personal Appearance

MEANTIME, Peggy Hopkins Joyce seems to have taken my advice, and has made plans to descend on London at the end of this month in order to make a "personal appearance" at the time when her autobiography, "Men, Marriage, and Me," is published in London. She has been spending the last two months at her villa, "The Little Blue Dog," at Cap d'Ail, on the Riviera, and will no doubt arrive completely sunburnt.

The Man France Banned

MR. W. R. HEARST, who took his expulsion from France so amusingly, is a man with a great sense of humour and complete fearlessness. He is a tall, bulky man with a tired, good-humoured face and a quiet voice. It will be interesting to see whether the anti-French

Marion Lewis

Miss Betty Hulton, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of the late Sir Edward Hulton, the newspaper magnate, was recently robbed of jewellery to the value of £17,000. The burglary took place at her mother's house at Leatherhead

Mr. H. P. Guinness, the young English player, who was recruited into the English team when illness interfered with the side. His brilliant performance at back created a great sensation

SPORTING PERSONALITIES AFLOAT AND ASHORE

Underwood and Underwood

A general view of the polo ground at Roslyn, Long Island, during the course of our International polo team's first important game. They were opposed by the Greentree team, whom they beat by the decisive margin of 13 goals to 5

tone of his newspapers will become accentuated as a result of his personal experiences in France. One thing is certain. He has enjoyed the hospitality he received in this country from people like Sir Philip Sassoon and Mr. Winston Churchill very much indeed.

A Boon to Golfers

THE Great Western Railway have conferred a distinct boon on golfers by the publication of a brochure on the courses and links served by its network of communications. Altogether there are more than three hundred and fifty of them, excluding, of course, all the London ones. The first and the last are both in Wales—Aberavon, in Glamorganshire, and Ystrad Mynach, also in that county. On the latter course the green fees for a whole week are only 5s.

The Charm of Egypt

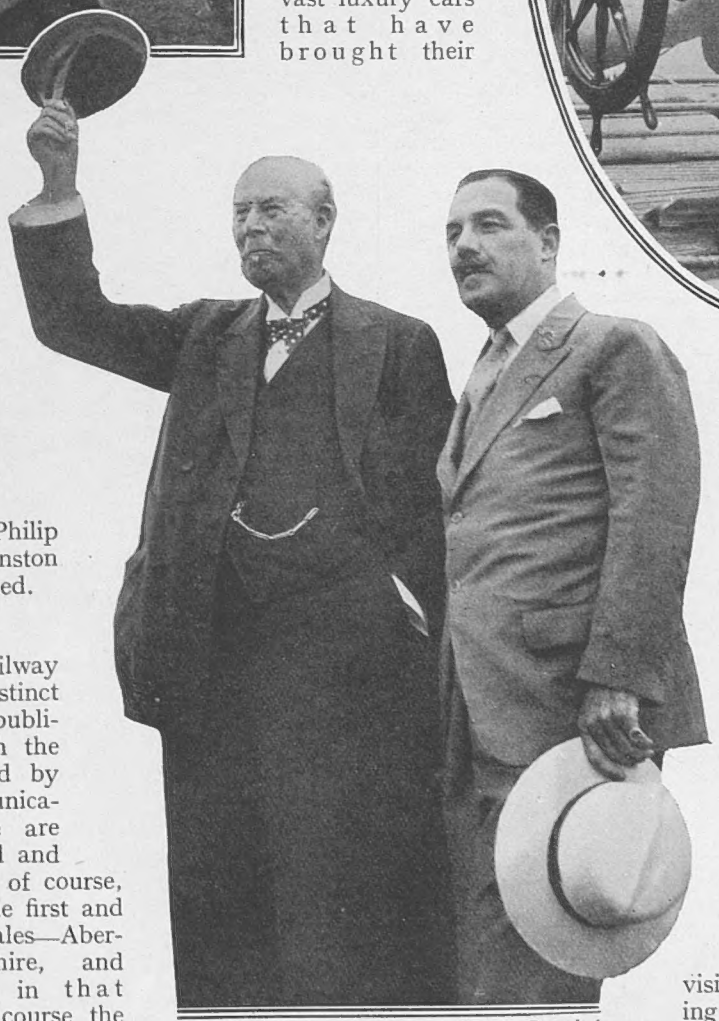
NON-GOLFERS who wish to escape England this winter could not do better than take a trip to Egypt under the auspices of the Egypt Travel Bureau. You can have a month's trip for £73 10s., or 35 days for £82, between November 1 and January 15, and go by way of Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, Venice, and Trieste to Cairo, Luxor, and Assuan. I only wish I had a month to spare myself.

The Season at Biarritz

THE climax of the Biarritz season having now been reached, its streets are blocked with vast luxury cars that have brought their owners from Deauville, Aix-les-Bains, and the other casino towns. Miss Marjorie Leigh, Lady Patricia Moore, Sir Vansittart Bowater, Mrs. Harry Brown, Sir Oliver Duncan, Sir Herbert Parsons, and the Marquis de Portago are among the latest arrivals, and at the moment of writing Lord and Lady Carisbrooke are expected, and every European and South American country is represented by dukes and marquises, I tell you!

P. and A.

Mr. Harold S. Vanderbilt at the wheel of "Enterprise," which will defend the America Cup. She is fitted with an aluminium-alloy mast which may prove of considerable help in the racing starting Sept. 13



P. and A.

Sir Thomas Lipton acknowledging the cheers of the crowd which greeted him on his arrival in New York to follow the fortunes of his yacht, "Shamrock V," in her effort to bring back the America Cup to this country. Sir Thomas, who is most popular with American sportsmen, is seen with Mr Grover Whalen

Well-known Visitors

IT is easy to tell who is at Biarritz, for, as in London, there are one or two places which draw all the visitors and villa owners. During the morning the swimming pool at the Chambre d'Amour bristles with celebrities. At 8 p.m. the Bar Basque is equally popular, while the Monday night galas which they hold at the Palace Hôtel each week are the

AT THE HIGHLAND GAMES

Central Press

Lord and Lady Glentanar (left), Mrs. George Philippi, the Earl of Moray and Mrs. Jack McEwan find plenty of amusement at the Aboyne Games. The Highland Games create a lot of enthusiasm north of the Tweed, where pipes, kilts and cabers are all very much to the fore on such occasions

equivalent of the Sunday nights they used to have at Claridges in London in the old days. The final and universal port of call is the Casa Nova, where Delys and Clark, supplemented for three days by Morton Downey, now back in London, have been singing the latest song hits from America. Some of them would be thought risky even at the Café de Paris, but the tropical nights at Biarritz make one rather expect tropical songs. Anyway, you get them. The other night matters were enlivened by a bottle fight between two members of the Argentine Orchestra.

Gala Nights

EVERY night last week there was a gala at Biarritz. If it was not the Palace it was the Miramar, or the Chambre d'Amour, or the Carlton, or one of the casinos. But what a pity that the food at these galas is always the same! One can bet on getting caviare, consommé en tasse, salmon trout, poulet de Bresse, foie gras, and pêche melba at all of them. It is time some chef was original at a gala. How one would bless him. At here, by the way, as well as at Monte Carlo, it is de rigueur for the unfortunate gigolos to wear white ties, at least on gala nights. This enforcement by hotel management will effectually prevent the vogue spreading to English visitors, who recently were getting rather inclined to bring full evening dress with them.

Sport and General

Miss Sheila Macdonald, of Blaisour, and Mr. B. M Mason, M.P., showing a true Highland disregard for the rain at the Lochaber Games at Fort William

Hay Wrightson

AN ENGAGEMENT OF THE HOUR

Miss Tanis Guinness, the younger daughter of Mr. Benjamin Guinness, and a popular member of the younger set, is to marry the Hon. Drogo Montagu. Her fiancé is the second son of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich

A Lovely Villa

ONE of the most attractive villas, though it is more of a château, belongs to the Marquis d'Arcangues, who is

THE REAL BUSINESS

P.C. G. Clark, of Grange, putting in a little strenuous work with the heavy hammer at the Aboyne Games. His efforts were well rewarded, for he broke three records in the heavyweight events

A BRIGHT SEPTEMBER IN TOWN

Central Press

Sir Harry Lauder enjoys a wee bit jokie wi' the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly when he turns oot for the Hieland Games at Aboyne, complete wi' Balmoral, kilt, sporran and a'

Central Press

seeing Mr. C. B. Cochran in a few days' time with regard to the possibility of putting on an English version of a musical show he has written. Among his guests at the moment is Mr. Godfrey Winn, who is half-way through another novel. The villa or château is seven miles from Biarritz, situated in some of the prettiest scenery imaginable.

An Absentee

THE Marquis was one of the committee at the unveiling of the Empress Eugenie tablet, to which I referred last week. After all, the position of the peseta prevented the Duke of Berwick and Alba from being present. However, a niece and a nephew of the Empress was present, as well as the Duc d'Amalfi, the Duc de Tamames, and the Marquise del Muni.

French Railway Stations

A CAMPAIGN has now been started in France for brighter railway stations, the authorities realising how impressionable travellers are and how much they can be affected in this direction. Deauville, Cherbourg, Havre, Dieppe, and Versailles are all to be renovated, while that at Bagnoles de l'Orne is going to be made to look like a country house! This is, joking apart, an admirable idea. If only King's Cross, St. Pancras, Waterloo, Dover, Folkestone, and even Crewe could be altered similarly it might help the railways to compete successfully with motor coaches.

A Gay September

NEVER have I known a gayer September in London, and Peter of the Embassy and Ferraro of Ciro's must be feeling sorry that they did not reopen their respective establishments on the first of the month. For though people are not yet returning for the winter in any appreciable numbers, there are hundreds passing through every day from the Continent on their way to Scotland and spending forty-eight busy hours here getting waves and hair cuts; and the other necessary little things that crop up after a month of holiday abroad.

Crowded Restaurants

THE result is that the supper restaurants are crowded with an entirely different but very smart crowd every evening, many of the women wearing the very latest frocks that they have

G. P. U.

The Maharajah of Jaipur, who recently celebrated his nineteenth birthday, seen with his favourite Borzoi, Flossie. He has been on holiday at Dunoon, and has got in a lot of shooting

THREE INTERESTING ENGAGEMENTS

Mrs. Satterthwaite (left), the well-known lawn tennis player, and Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, the Duke of Westminster's elder daughter, making the most of the sun. They are seen in a sunny corner at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes

Miss Viola Ismay, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Ismay. Her marriage to Mr. R. M. Fanshawe will take place on October 2

The Earl of Portarlington seen at Cap d'Antibes in original kit. He is wearing a suit of "pull-over" pyjamas which he had made for him in white towelling

Miss Gladys Hands, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Frederick Johnstone, the only son of Sir George Johnstone, Bart., and of Lady Johnstone

Lady Ursula Chetwynd-Talbot, the eldest daughter of the late Viscount Ingestre, M.V.O., and of Lady Winifred Pennoyer. Her engagement has been announced to Mr. Hector Stewart

bought in Paris at the new winter collections which have only been open a month. At the Café de Paris Jack Smith, the whispering baritone, is back again, and Lord Ivor Churchill, Mr. Felix Doubleday, and a number of others were listening to him and watching the Leopard Dance. The Kit-Cat is also a big draw, while the Café Anglais, Sovrani's, and Quaglino have no cause to complain either.

An Important Change

THE most interesting restaurant news to readers of THE BYSTANDER is the imminent departure of Charles from Claridge's. He is going over to the new Dorchester House Hotel. Meantime Claridge's is going to spend £200,000 on extensions, which will comprise forty more bedrooms and a number of banqueting rooms. For Claridge's intends to go in for that sort of thing a good deal in the future. Charles has been at Claridge's for thirteen years. He has a big following, and it will be interesting to see how many follow him when he takes over his duties in Park Lane.

Our Newest Theatre

THE big event of last week was undoubtedly the new Charlot show at the new Cambridge Theatre. It is a marvellous place, and the frocks of the first-nighters were marvellous too. I did not see Mrs. Peter Thursby, who is responsible for a large number of the frocks, but Lord and Lady Carisbrooke were there, and so were Lord Brecknock and Lady Louis Mountbatten. Afterwards a party was given at the various bars and buffets of the theatre, and the place bristled with celebrities who represented the social, literary and theatrical worlds.

Among those Present

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER, Tallulah Bankhead, and Marie Tempest represented the stars of the stage. Edgar Wallace and Michael Arlen, whose new book has not yet been published, and who had come over from Le Touquet, represented literature. Cyril Scott, the composer, represented music. Eve Gray, the screen star, was only one of eighty or a hundred very pretty women, not one of whom seemed to have acquired a tan during the holidays—tans being definitely "not worn" this Autumn. It was a gay scene, and a gay night, and the inhabitants of Seven Dials enjoyed themselves thoroughly watching the unusual spectacle of lords and ladies in their midst.

Enter Cubbing

WE understand from our Midland hunting correspondent, "Bridle," that although cubbing has, in many hunting countries, been held up by the belated harvesting operations, scenting conditions and "going" in the coverts are very much better than was the case this time last year. It will be remembered that practically throughout the cub-hunting season of 1929 the ground, owing to a long drought, was bone-dry, and scent, generally speaking, impossible after the sun was well up.

CUBBING STARTS AGAIN

Topical

Now that September is here, the thoughts of hunting folk are beginning to turn to the chase again, and cubbing is now getting into full swing. In the above photograph, I. Sheffield, the Huntsman of the South Berks, is seen putting hounds to cover during a morning's cubbing

A LIKELY HORSE FOR THE LEGER

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

THE glorious uncertainty of racing! The Scout II was my early St. Leger selection and he has happened on an accident. Bad luck, because he had been moving in fine style in his work.

I shall now support RAMESES THE SECOND each way and hope to recover losses.

GOLDEN BAY was in command two furlongs from home at Gatwick, and at the finish was behind the dead-heaters, Jugo and Prospice. The distance was two miles. Has not been overworked, and should earn winning brackets in the near future.

ST. KOSCIE, well ridden by Sirett, failed by a neck to beat Cor de Chasse over five furlongs at Gatwick, after putting in a strong challenge. Has been consistent since first appearance and won over six furlongs at Brighton in June.

CRETAN LASSIE, a sound favourite, backed from 4 to 1 down to 7 to 4, ran gamely to finish fourth in a field of eighteen over six furlongs at Gatwick. Won at this meeting in June and was second at Stockton last month. Will pay to follow.

SLAVE TRADE FILLY should win an early race for Walter Griggs. Following up two seconds in previous races, was expected to score over six furlongs at Gatwick. Was seventh in a field of fourteen. She will improve.

BANK RATE should win over a mile and a quarter or a mile. Was easily beaten by Phalarette at Gatwick. Was quietly fancied. In a close finish won a mile race at Lingfield in July.

EASTERN QUEEN ran her second race at Gatwick and improved on her performance at Lewes. Was quietly supported at 5 to 2 and 3 to 1, but was up against a fine colt in Knight's Orb. Finished second and should be supported each way.

A Good Show of Cubs

FROM most countries, both in the shires and provinces, a good show of healthy cubs is reported. The farmers having taken advantage of the recent spell of favourable weather to get in their splendid corn crops, the majority of packs are now busily engaged bustling the litters through and about the woodlands. The young entry has been well blooded, and many a brace of masks accounted for.

Early Starters

AMONG the earliest packs of foxhounds to commence cubbing were the Warwickshire, South Stafford, North Cotswold, and the Cattistock, whose morning fixtures have taken place at the "unfashionable" but sporting hour of six o'clock. Quite good fields of keen sportswomen and sportsmen have turned out at this early hour to watch the young hounds'—and, incidentally, young foxes' — initiation to the science of vénerie, and to acquire a healthy appetite for luncheon. It is a very noticeable fact that each successive season more and still more of the so-called weaker sex turn up at the earliest of cub-hunting meets, leaving, in many cases, their menfolk to enjoy their "beauty sleep."

Many Changes

THERE will be a greater number of changes of Mastership, and more women M.F.H.s, for the coming season than occurred last year. On the other hand, fewer hunting boxes have been rented by "fox-catchers" from across the Herring-pond. Especially is this the case in the Melton district which is singularly fortunate in this respect.

Photographs *Stage Photo Co.*

KATHLEEN BURGESS

The nineteen-year-old actress, who now plays the Queen in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane. Miss Burgess, who formerly understudied the part, has a very sweet voice and acts with great charm and vivacity

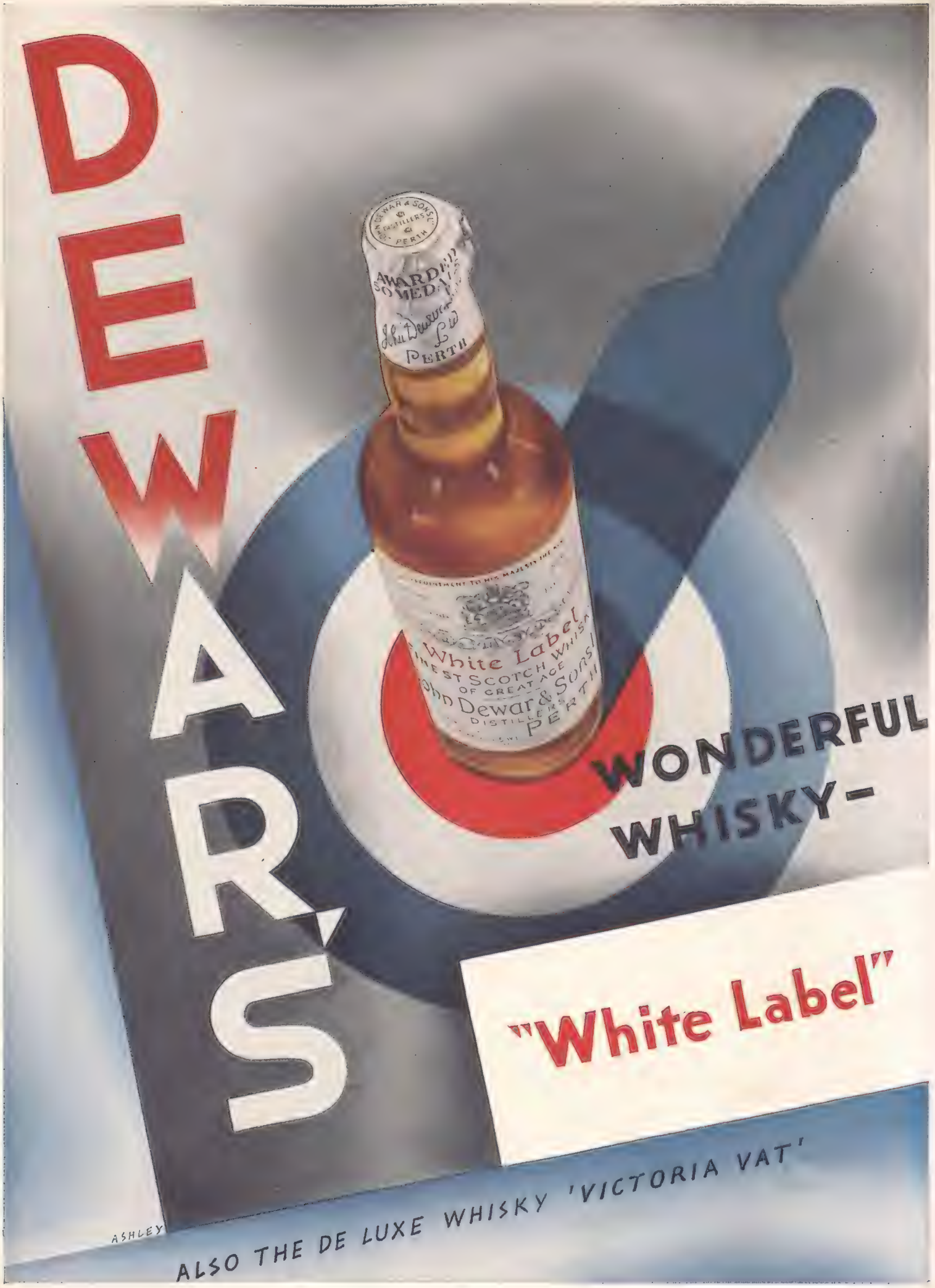
JACK LIVESEY

The young actor who succeeded Dennis King in the rôle of d'Artagnan in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane. His dashing performance has not only won him a great personal success, but has improved the bookings at Drury Lane so much that, although the play was to have been withdrawn, it is now being kept on at a profit for an indefinite run

WHEN PUCK LAUGHS

BY PRIMROSE HARLEY

"LORD! WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"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WONDERFUL WHISKY—
"White Label"
ALSO THE DE LUXE WHISKY 'VICTORIA VAT'
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PERTH

OVER 100 IN THE SUN

Sun-bathers at Biarritz, which is now full of British visitors. Here the Fair Sex affects an outsize in sun-hats whilst busy acquiring an ebony skin

Mlle. Nikitina, the famous danseuse and Serge Lifar's dancing partner, seeks the sea at the Lido after a bronzing sun-bath

But Brighton is not to be outdone in large hats which shade not only the wearer but also baby. During the heat wave sun-bathers here were enjoying a sun temperature which rivalled that of the Lido

Charles Austin, the famous comedian, at Gatwick races would evidently have given a lot for a little less sun-tanning. He might even have preferred a cold drink to a hot winner!

THE CORRIDOR OF EUROPE

By Aubrey Hammond

WITH CARICATURES BY HIMSELF

Lenare

MR. AUBREY HAMMOND
Humorist, scenic artist and decorator

Mr. Aubrey Hammond, thrilled by Miss Mannin's articles on 'Germany, the Hope of Europe,' dashed off to find the beautiful young things, and with two male companions found himself in the Polish "Corridor." He does not seem to have discovered the sources of Miss Mannin's enthusiasm as yet, but perhaps next week we shall find him triumphant

I AM not sure whether it was the Corridor itself or the difficulty of getting into the Corridor which attracted me most to this particular part of Europe in search of Miss Ethel Mannin's "Hope." As a Corridor, it was one of the most difficult of access that I ever remember; but that may have been because I was endeavouring to enter the same on an old tub of a Polish tramp-steamer (English by manufacture, Russian by birth, and Polish by adoption), originally called the Irkutsk, renamed the Lvov, and pronounced the Fooff.

THIS same boat possessed the most alarming list to port, which from my own personal observation I attributed to the misplacement of a large agricultural implement which appeared to comprise the entire cargo. My two friends and myself had lain, stood, sat, and ate at an angle of 25 degrees all across the North Sea, through the Kiel Canal, and up the Baltic. In the Kiel Canal we had thumbed our noses at a Soviet ship from Archangel, and our salutation had been courteously acknowledged by the Captain, clad apparently in a shirt, a loin-cloth, and a shaven head. So, still at an angle of 25 degrees, we emerged into the Baltic and headed majestically, if asthmatically, for the land of my dreams, this "Hope of Europe."

IT was just as we turned into the Gulf of Danzig that the real difficulty of entering this particular Corridor presented itself. Our list became more pronounced, and all the dominoes with which we had been playing fell off the table in a cascade. I arose at 25 degrees and observed that the sea was threatening. The Lvov, however, was doing well, and I hoped would do even better, otherwise our hope of eventually entering the Corridor seemed but slight.

"Eating at an angle of twenty-five degrees"

Polish dominoes run to extraordinary degrees; in fact the highest denomination runs as high as twenty-four spots, as opposed to our twelve. In other words, the Poles have a double-twelve, whereas we only rise to a double-six. I observed this minutely as I was picking the dominoes off the deck, and I was still thus engaged when the Lvov became unexpectedly upright, and we entered, not the Corridor, but the Free Port of Danzig! We had sideslipped to the East, and missed the Corridor after all!

My chagrin, and that of my companions, was unbounded. However, it was of no use to rate the steward, and as we gathered that the Polish frontier was but a few yards to the west of us, we decided to remain calm until fate and a Polish omnibus company whose name I cannot pronounce should transport us to this great country, with the greatness of which I hope to make you fully aware before I have exhausted my audience and the space at my disposal.

THERE were but four of us on board; one of us was a little Scots doctor from Hull, who had paid his eighteen pound return fare (including meals and attendance) and meant to get his money's worth. His interest in the great country to which the rest of us were bound seemed not so great as his interest in the commissariat of the Lvov. I was greatly disappointed in his attitude, and offered him a lift in my taxicab to the city of Danzig, meaning, if I could, to get him, somehow or other, into the Corridor. Judge of my horror and surprise when, immediately on our arrival in the Free City of Danzig, he announced his intention of walking back to the Lvov in order to be in time for lunch!

OF my two other companions, one was an eminent dramatic critic and writer on the theatre; tall, elegant, handsome, almost evangelic (as his name suggested), he lent an air of integrity to the party which I now feel assisted us most materially in our peregrinations through this great country, the greatness of which I insist on describing to you in this article, as soon as I get the chance. The second, an editor whom I will call George, gave to our excursion into the Corridor of Europe just that touch of the traditional Englishman which was necessary to label us as envoys from our own great country, and none other. For instance, his equipment for the majority of the journey consisted of a Norfolk jacket, grey flannel trousers, a Panama hat (varied when the urge occurred by a tweed cap), a camera slung over the right shoulder, a pipe of the Bulldog Breed, and an umbrella.

"My friend George and his conquering pipe"

BUT we must be off and away, and get you into this Corridor somehow. And, for the benefit of the uninitiated, perhaps it is about time that I explained what this Corridor really is. It is a long strip of land ceded to the Poles by the Treaty of

Before entering the Corridor *In the Corridor* *Having passed through the Corridor*

PASSING THROUGH THE CORRIDOR—A SHOCK TO GERMAN AMOUR-PROPRE

Versailles, which divides Germany from East Prussia and makes the Germans very angry. Furthermore, the Poles, with characteristic energy, have built on the coast of this Corridor an enormous port, by name Gdynea, which, as a port, is rapidly knocking spots off Danzig and making the Germans still more angry.

The chief cause for Teutonic wrath, however, lies in the fact that, in order to travel from Germany to East Prussia, a hundred per cent. German train, filled with one hundred per cent. Germans, has to pass through Polish country, over Polish metals, and by Polish permission. This, as may well be imagined, is a considerable bee in the Picklehaube.

HERE we were, then, in Danzig, ready to open the door and enter this wonderful Corridor. Fortunately or unfortunately, in order to reach the entrance we had to pass through a haunt of German nudity called Zoppot. At least, we had been informed by Mr. Arnold Bennett in his writings that the sands of this Zoppot, a sort of Germanised Deauville, were spread with naked Germans, either covered by the sea, half covered by the sea, or not covered at all.

Although Germany is tolerably well known to me, and certainly appreciated by me, I had never had the opportunity of scrutinising "these lovely young people lying about nude" or "lying naked in the sun" or "plunging naked into water," as Miss Mannin picturesquely puts it. Miss Mannin, however, apparently derives most of her knowledge of this questionably ideal state of affairs from a bunch of rather vulgar publications (resembling our late *Photo Bits*), which have a great sale amongst tourists in Berlin and the provinces. These magazines contain innumerable photographs of dark-skinned and unattractive men and women hopping about in quite absurd attitudes and exhibiting all that is most repulsive in nudity.

THESE products are ostensibly published under the auspices of the "Nacht-Kultur" Societies in Germany; perfectly respectable and serious organisations. But as their sale is more or less restricted to the Unter den Linden and the lobbies of the more popular hotels in the Georgenstrasse and Kurfürstendamm. I do not believe that they exist purely in the interest of Hygiene.

However, we reached Zoppot to find the plage covered for miles by masses of highly coloured German ladies. It resembled more than anything a huge front-page colour drawing from the *Simplicissimus* of the older days. In general the effect was striking in the extreme. The colour was not attributable to the ladies' skins, but to the peculiar rubberised material with which they were clad. All about the place they lay, like gaily hued sea elephants. The effect was really entrancing. But the effect was not obtained through nakedness. On the contrary, I have never seen so much clothing on people who were presumably out for pleasure. I don't know what Miss Mannin would have said to this!

WE therefore departed from Zoppot and entered at last this marvellous Corridor of which I have told you. Our friend, the Scots doctor, had again wandered back to the docks, and we were compelled to leave him to his fate. My friend the editor exchanged his Panama for his tweed cap, grabbed his umbrella, and we all entered the omnibus.

My editorial friend's pipe, umbrella, and hat immediately excited the interest of our fellow passengers, and it was not long before he had two Polish children upon his knees and had been given a more than interested look by the conductress, a voluptuous blue-eyed blonde. I myself had engaged the attention of yet another daughter of Poland, also blonde, but, fortunately, of tender years; four, I gathered. My third companion was not so lucky, being wedged between the side of the 'bus and a vast German female who completely obliterated him from view.

"All about the place they lay, like gaily hued sea elephants"

IT was in this delightfully family atmosphere that we passed the gaily striped barriers of the frontier and entered the Corridor. As yet we had encountered neither a sealed dust-bin nor yet a steel church, as beloved by Miss Mannin, but we were destined to observe far more interesting phenomena than these. I refer to the Polish young women.

Apparently the cult of the female body in Poland goes far beyond the cult of the male body in Germany. My outlook is, of course, different to that of Miss Mannin, but I found myself far more intrigued by the physical development of these Slavonic young ladies than by that of the average Vandervogel expert in Germany.

A GIRL CLIMBS RAVEN CRAG

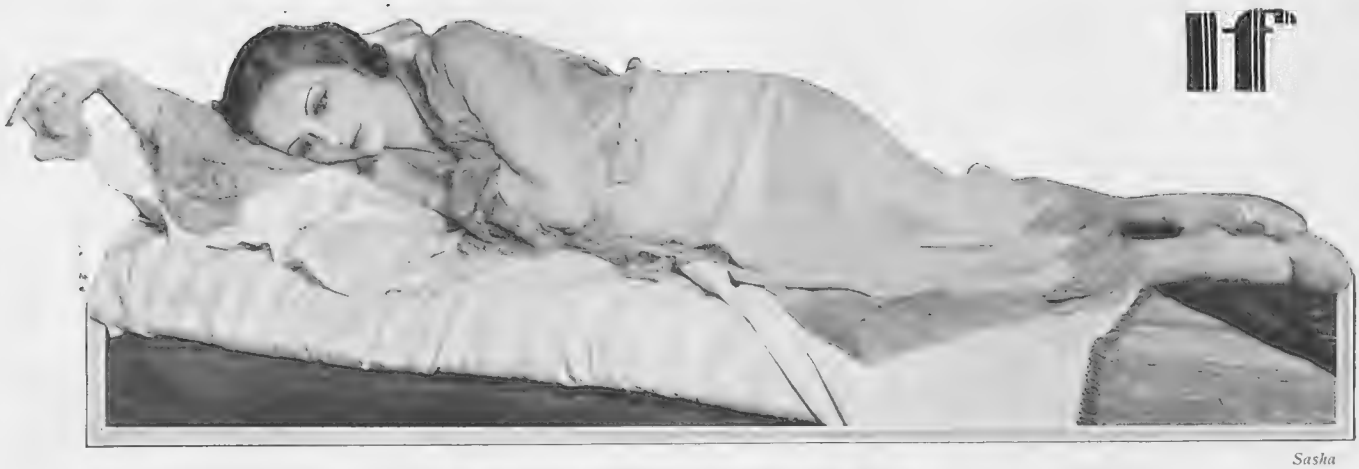
Photographs *Fox Photos*

Raven Crag, one of the most dangerous climbs in the Peak District, was recently scaled by a nineteen-year-old girl, Miss Nan Middleton, and the well-known Lakeland guide, Mr. Stanley Watson. They made the ascent of the crag, which for over 250 feet is almost vertical, by a route previously declared impassable. In the left-hand photograph Mr. Watson is seen assisting his companion to negotiate a difficult obstacle, and in the right-hand photograph Miss Middleton is returning the compliment by providing the guide with a useful leg-up

Exclusive Bystander *photograph by Howard Coster*

ARTHUR WONTNER

Who now plays the part of Cardinal Richelieu in "The Three Musketeers" at Drury Lane. This musical play, which has already scored a big success, has recently experienced important changes in the cast



Sasha

Tallulah Bankhead as Kitty Brown in "Let Us Be Gay," the American play which is now running at the Lyric Theatre and in which she plays lead. The author, Miss Rachel Crothers, gave Miss Bankhead her first part on the stage

Sasha

Townley Town, an amiable philanderer (Francis Lister), with Kitty Brown (Tallulah Bankhead), in a scene from "Let Us Be Gay," at the Lyric. The American author's conception of the manners and behaviour of guests and staff at an English country house party are sometimes more than a little astonishing

OF course, I ought to have known that it would happen. Last week in these columns I suggested a novel form of iced drink which was described as possessing useful possibilities "if ever we *do* have any hot weather," and before the lines were in print London was sweltering in the throes of the hottest weather we have known for nineteen years. That is to say, most of our "brilliant young writers" had never known in this country such heat, and each will probably write a book about it. This may form a legitimate cause for grumbling, but the heat itself is not. We really are a "contrairy" people. We become angry or humorous (according to taste) at cold summers, and when a cold summer suddenly decides to become a hot one our attitude is precisely the same.

WHY should even those of us who have to work through it be annoyed about a heat wave? There must be very few who could not, with but little effort, settle down to enjoy it instead. We talk excitedly about "unbearable" heat. Yet if we wear clothes that are sensible, yet not cranky, leave doors open and windows shut, pull down blinds, avoid meat and spirits (a drop of gin in lemonade or ginger-beer as evening draws on is the sole exception), do our work as calmly as may be, postpone rows until the thermometer drops, and do not shift the furniture about, there is no form of heat this country can provide that need cause any discomfort to the average non-deserving taxower. London has, too, its open-air swimming-baths, for those who do not object to spending the cool of the evening in diving into Potage St. Germain.

I WOULD sooner do that, however, than plunge into a bye-election. Bromley is a thing of the past, but one can still ponder, not without heat, on the mallet that descended from official Conservatism on to Mr. Redwood's head, not because he had committed a murder, forged, knocked his parents about, thrown vitriol or consumed a drink on licensed premises five minutes after closing time—for there was no suggestion that he was guilty of any of these crimes—but because he had for a time been known as Signor Brisbani, a singer.

THE crime did not, it seems, lie in calling himself after the city of Brisbane (though, knowing Brisbane, I wonder why he did so). Many Australian singers call themselves after a bit of Australia. I know one Australian singer called Austral and another called Stralia; and Mrs. Armstrong, whom we know better as Dame Nellie Melba, can also sing a bit. The front of Mr. Redwood's offending lay in the singing—not in the quality (unknown), but in the mere fact. One Conservative organ, waxing ponderously humorous after the fashion of Serjeant Buzfuz, remarks that "if that (*i.e.*, opposition to official Conservatism) were not enough to discredit Mr. Redwood's candidature entirely, as a further recommendation to the graces of the Bromley electors he has another inducement to offer, a career as a singer under the name of Signor Vernon Brisbani. Bromley will know what to do with this voice singing in the wilderness."

DEARIE me! Did the Central Conservative office get up on its hind legs in a great state of virtuous indignation when Sir Walter de Frece, M.P., became a candidate? Yet Sir Walter has been a singer—and a comic singer at that. I know of several singers—and there must be many more of whom I do not know—

Gossip We Must.

By Treyer Evans

"'Ere, mate. 'Oo won that two-firty?"
"Nark it! If yer wants noos buy it, and don't pick the brines of us journalists!"

who fought for their country in the Great War (aye, and died for it). Some were officers. If a singer may hold His Majesty's commission is he then to be debarred from becoming a Parliamentary candidate—just because he is a singer? It was not the Labour Party who indulged in this form of personal abuse, nor, except in an infinitestimal degree, was it the Liberals. It was the official Conservative Party, led by the mild, honest, "gentlemanly" Mr. Baldwin, who, during the fray, was drinking in the waters at Aix. I wish he had also been drinking in wisdom.

THE Adelphi Theatre looks a strange place for the moment, for there is more excavation than theatre about it. I asked C. B. Cochran whether he was not anxious as to the possibility of its being ready for the production of *Ever Green*. He was, as usual, confident, replying that the workmen had promised to leave the building on a certain date. It would not help matters much if they walked out and left the place unfinished, but a large daily penalty watches over this contingency.

Ever Green sees the return to London of Leon Morton, who has been away for a very long time, and of Joyce Barbour, who has been away not quite so long, but long enough to acquire just a suspicion of an American accent. She has had a considerable experience of America to justify it. The really irritating English people are those who talk American after six days in New York, or even without having crossed the Atlantic at all. Yes, *sir*!

A REVOLVING stage is to be a feature of the new Adelphi. There has, of course, been one at the Coliseum for years, and in the dim twilight of many an incomplete "black out" I have watched the grand piano of eminent pianists being slowly trundled round to make way for performing ponies. The Adelphi "revolver" will, however, be used as an integral part of the show.

Nancie Lovat and Stephanie Stephens snapped at Howth, near Dublin, where they were appearing in "Open Your Eyes," which is to be produced at the Piccadilly Theatre next week. Miss Stephens says she opened her eyes at Dublin's prices

Keystone Press Pictures

TWO HOUSES IN THE NEWS

Mr. Winston Churchill at work on the cottage on his estate at Westerham, the bricks of which he laid himself. The ex-Chancellor has now offered it for letting

35, Park Lane, the London residence of Baron Schroder, which is holding up a large building scheme. The Baron refuses to part with the house to the Grosvenor House authorities

A scene from "Petticoat Influence," the amusing play at the St. Martin's Theatre. Lord Algernon Raytoun (Morten Selton) makes an unexpected entry, and finds Reginald Melcombe (Robert Holmes), Lord Darnaway's secretary, making love to his employer's wife (Jane Millican)

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO ?

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling's "Where are you going to all you big steamers ?")

Jack Diamond, the notorious American gunman and gangster, has received scant consideration at the hands of the European police, who have been hustling him from country to country.

WHERE are you going to, Diamond, Jack Diamond ?
Where are you sailing to on the High Seas ?
Will it be Britain or Holland or Germany ?
Which is the land you are honouring, please ?

"Wal, now that you ask me," said Diamond, Jack Diamond,
"I guess you've sure got me, I really can't say,
For Yurrup's so gol-durned old-fashioned it seems that
A glad-handed welcome ain't coming my way."

Why should they treat you so, Diamond, Jack Diamond,
You who are hailed as an underwold king ?
Can it be Europe's not keen on bootlegging,
Gang feuds, dope peddling and that sort of thing ?

"Say, listen now, fellah," said Diamond, Jack Diamond,
"Don't you start pullin' your wisecracks on me,
I'm not a tough gangster or durned yellow quitter,
I'm a law-loving stiff from the Land of the Free !"

Why are you harried so, Diamond, Jack Diamond ?
Why are you ordered to "move along, please" ?
And why do police on the Continent treat you
So harshly and ruin your Master Mind's ease ?

"Well, ain't it all O.K. ?" said Diamond, Jack Diamond,
"Your 'bulls' know I'm so mighty simple and pure
If I stopped long in one place I might be corrupted—
Gee ! Yurrup's a sink of iniquity, sure !"

B.W

I HAVE a further suggestion to make for the next new theatre. Why not a revolving auditorium? Then when a period of the play is reached that is unutterably and paralysingly dull, the sufferers would be turned round so that their gaze is averted from the stage and concentrated on a blank wall.

MAX BEERBOHM had a similarly whimsical notion with regard to London's statues. He declared that they should not be unveiled, but veiled. That is to say, the thing should be finished and allowed to stand on its pedestal, for all to see, for a few weeks. Then a veil, opaque, lasting and weatherproof, should be placed over it, never to be removed.

I HOPE for the sake of all parties the domestic squabble in which Capt. and Mrs. Bruce Bairnsfather and Constance Collier have been involved in America will be amicably settled. The alienation of someone's affections—to the tune in this case of £20,000—is something that we do not recognise, legally, in this country, but in America it is a very real and costly business. I have seen a cable Captain Bairnsfather—to whom, it will be remembered, THE BYSTANDER gave his first chance, for it was in these pages that Old Bill

Photopress

Rita Page playing the first hole when she opened the new Miniature Golf Course at the Locarno, Streatham. She is seen with members of the company of "The Red Dog," in which she plays lead, and which was on tour at the Streatham Hill Pavilion at the time

achieved immortality—sent to a mutual friend in London denying some absurd rumours, and declaring that truth will win eventually. I hope so. Since, however, the matter is still *pendente lite*, mum's the word.

CONSTANCE COLLIER has been playing the chief part in America in G. B. Stern's *The Matriarch*, a part created in London by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Mrs. Campbell (she loathes being called "Mrs. Pat") was, however, lecturing recently in America on this play, and in her discourse remarked, "The part has been played in America by an actress whose name, for the moment, escapes me." The histrionic art is obviously not the only art which Mrs. Campbell has mastered.

W. G. ELLIOT, who died the other day after a long illness, was, I suppose, but little known to the modern generation. But in the London of the later years of good Queen Victoria "Willie" Elliot was a considerable figure. He went on the stage when it was considered a remarkable thing for any man who had been educated at Eton to do, in spite of the precedent of Charles Hawtrey. But he was never a great actor, or anything like one. He was amusing in *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, that farce beloved by amateurs, and he was a success on the American stage in certain parts because he had not the slightest difficulty in looking and talking like a typical Englishman. For years he had suffered severely from paralysis.

By LESLIE EUTLER

"How did the detectives spot that he was disguised as a woman?"

"He passed a milliner's window without looking in!"

L. N. A.

Arthur Havers, the professional of Sandy Lodge, trying his luck on the British-designed Dwarf Golf Course which was recently installed at the Kit Cat. With him is Hugh Roberts, who is the professional at Stoke Poges

Janet Jevons

MARGERY BINNER

Who is taking the lead in "Her First Affairs," the new play which is to be produced at the Kingsway to-morrow (September 11). She is to do film work at Elstree in the near future

THE AUTUMN MODE

By BLANC

"The Bystander," in accordance with its policy of giving its women readers the very latest dress designs and an authentic insight into the new season's modes, publishes Miss Blanche Elliott's first article, which will continue from week to week. Miss Elliott was privileged to visit, on behalf of "The Bystander," the most exclusive of Paris houses and these are the first photographs available in Paris and London.

Delicate gold lace is chosen by Molyneux to create this evening frock of divine simplicity. The new movement is shown in the higher waistline, the tunic frill, and the long, softly falling skirt. The suggestion of the fichu heralds the return of the demure corsage rose. Model Molyneux

THE Paris fashion openings of this year of grace have been awaited with particular interest. Everyone was most anxious to know what "they" were going to do about the new styles so dramatically launched a year ago. These could scarcely be changed so drastically again? It was, as usual, a question of wait and see. Cradled while in embryo in complete mystery—as is fitting—they have now been hatched for the world to see and talk about. Matters were rendered more exciting: first by a lightning strike of some 600 midinettes at a world-famous house which aroused an enormous amount of interest and hung up the traffic, for the general public in Paris always does take such a personal and friendly interest in these things. The second was the round up of the copyists, the seizure of their drawings and the threat of expulsion from the country. In war-time people are shot for less, but in business such dishonesty assumes an air of would-be innocence.

PROBABLY copying of original models is one of the most difficult things in the world to stop, but in Paris it has become quite an outrageous practice. I was told by one of the smaller houses that within a few days of the first showings people come round with sketches and cut out "toiles" said to be exact copies, together with patterns of materials of most of the big houses. The production of an original model means a great expense, great training, and great dress genius, and that these should be instantly filched by the unscrupulous certainly does seem unfair.

THE striking thing in the styles for autumn is that they retain and emphasise the feminine line. The "back to the feminine period" has definitely been established, and the couturiers have kind of "dug themselves in" on this point. Woman can no longer struggle against it. She cannot even squirm. The silhouette, too, is showing signs of a greater fullness as to skirt and a slight raising of the waistline. While it is still most necessary to be slim, the dread of the hour-glass figure and return to boned corsets has happily been avoided. This threat, which came with the so-called

NEW SILHOUETTE

ELLIOTT

"princess" style, was one of the many canards those who love sensationalism in fashion always endeavour to raise.

THE great point of interest, the length of the skirt, deserves especial attention. For the evening the skirt may definitely be said to be three lengths. There is still a wisp of a train for those who like it for certain types of frock, notably the robe de style, the dinner frock or the robe intime; then there is the full-length frock to touch the instep, and this is either the slim-hipped, full-bottomed style or the fuller, befrilled kind. In the latter case it often shows a tendency to lift in front. Chanel showed several which had a shorter frilled or tiered front and a long, full back which trailed stiffly to the ground, like a drooping fantail pigeon.

THIRDLY, there was the full-gathered skirt with the higher waistline and an ankle-length skirt. This was very new, and done most often and most completely by Molyneux in entrancing models for which one felt at once as being eminently becoming and utterly wearable. Even his tweed frocks carried out the idea with one or two rows of gauging placed on to the tier above and worn with a wide fur-bordered scarf and some most attractive muffs. This he has christened the "Revolutionary" period in dress rather than the Empire, to which it has been compared. The revolution, one might also say, is one not against ancient tradition and oppression, but against modernity, standardisation and ugliness. It is a brave gesture, and has "gone over big." Its novelty will, however, alarm the timid and those not quite sure of their own taste and want to see others do it first.

COUPLED with the shorter, fuller skirt is the bared shoulder and the cape-like bertha which has slipped down to outline the low back décolletage. The corsage rose of the old-fashioned kind has come back to nestle at the breast. For day wear, skirts remain the same length as before, that is, halfway down the calf, and for sports wear a trifle shorter if desired. Thus it will be seen that on the whole skirts have lifted a trifle. This has probably been the direct result of the Ascot débâcle when the long skirts for day wear were London's exaggeration of Paris styles, ending in a catastrophe which sent a cold shiver down the sartorial spine of well-dressed Europe. If that lamentable incident has done anything to stop the ridiculous overdressing for Ascot, when dress description reached a point of hysteria, it will not have been in vain.

A delightful early autumn suit by Maggy Rouff in a soft beige woollen. The loosely cut coat is bordered with summer ermine, which forms an upstanding collar and adorns the wide cuffs. The coat shows the fashionable length for the tailor suit. *Model Maggy Rouff*

Patou again essays to win woman's approval of the muff and creates this alluring set in exquisitely worked ermine. The short cape-coat—almost a tippet!—accompanies the muff of novel design *Model Jean Patou*

But one doubts if any such sanity will prevail.

ALREADY screams of "bustle" have been raised, and hounds are in full cry after the poor little hare of an idea. Certainly there was a suggestion of a back fullness cleverly done with superimposed frills coupled to an 1830 bare shoulder already mentioned. One black velvet model by Lelong actually had the fullness drawn back and bunched up into something resembling a bustle, and it was photographed and discussed enough to magnify its importance unduly.

A FAR more important line is the tunic or peplum for day or evening wear. The former was sometimes outlined with a narrow band of contrasting fur to give it emphasis. Patou has gone out on the tunic effect and repeated it again and again, often in the front only. Chanel favours the peplum, and the idea is echoed in the close-fitting flared jackets and the tunic blouse.

THE outstanding novelty in materials is the universal use of lamé or metal printed silks for the smart afternoon as well as the evening frock. Model after model came in—exquisitely cut long coat with extravagantly high collars of astrakhan and exaggerated fur-trimmed cuffs, fitting at the waist and flaring as to hem. They opened to show the inevitable printed lamé frock. Often it was only a gleaming thread which showed itself on the heavy silk, or sheer chiffon ground, but a hint of it was present on each one. In deep greens, flowered browns, dark blues, black and white, the range continues, the light materials lending themselves to the new, fuller gathered styles. Velvets, plain chiffons (the printed variety is quite dead), lace, heavy crêpes, a few satins, are preferred for evening.

WOOLLENS are greatly in vogue for the little day and afternoon frock as for sports wear, so loosely woven that they cease to be tweeds, rather as though they were crocheted or darned; one with a coarse thread being picturesquely termed "rope tweed," was especially attractive. The afternoon ensemble has returned to the supreme point of elegance, and the coat with its matching or contrasting dress ensemble has lost none of its chic.

AS to colours, browns in several shades were shown enormously. A great deal of black and white for smart wear; while Patou has launched a pale yellowish green, a much darker shade, and what he calls "astrakhan beige." Otherwise beige is not in favour. Reds are much worn; some bright ones, and a new dark brown red called corinthe. There are off-blacks and some very pale shades for evening.

B. B. E.

SMALL SISTER: "Let's play that we're married."

SMALL BROTHER: "No, let's play football. We shan't get hurt so much."

* * *

MADGE: "Don't you hate a man who makes you conspicuous in public?"

MAE: "Yes, only last night I rode on top of a 'bus with a man who didn't put his arm round me."

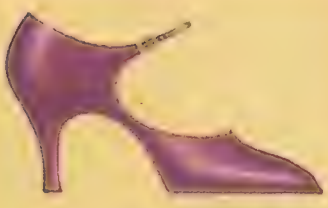
* * *

About the only way you can make half-a-crown go any distance at all in these expensive days is to buy a golf ball with it.

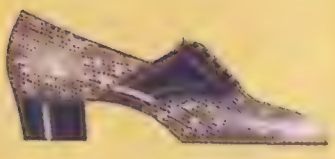
* * *

"What I want to see," said the girl who did not receive even an honourable mention at the beauty contest," is a group photograph of the judges' wives!"

Style No. 8260—
Very smart Black Suede walking shoe, suitable for town wear.
Priced at 30/-

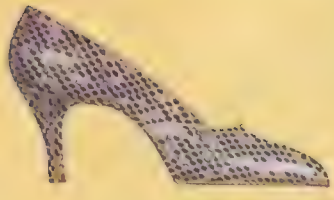


Style No. 8417 —
Charming Crêpe-de-chine evening shoe in all the fashionable colours.
Priced at 16/9



Style No. 2092 —
An example of the many walking shoes obtainable in various Reptile combinations.
Priced at 22/6

Style No. 8710 —
Elegant Glacé Kid tie shoe, in Blue and Black, for smart town wear.
Priced at 25/-



Style No. 8075
Python court shoe, also made in various other Reptile skins.
Priced at 35/-

The accompanying and other fine examples of inexpensive dainty footwear are to be obtained at the Dolcis Shoe Salons in Piccadilly Circus, New Bond Street, Oxford Street, Shaftesbury Avenue and numerous other branches throughout London and the large cities in the provinces, including Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, etc

DOLCIS

Style No. 8411—*Dainty Grecian court shoe in Moiré also Crêpe and Satin in all fashionable colours.*
Priced at 21/-

Smart buckles or vamp trimmings for all evening shoes is the vogue.

TROUBLE AT THE LIDO—THE SUN-BA

UN-BATHER WHO CAUGHT ON FIRE!

The "Feathers"
Ludlow
PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
Amidst the "Inns" and outs of Life
Player's Please

PARIS GOSSIP

A car negotiating a difficult hairpin bend at high speed. The photograph was taken during the hill-climbing race, which was a feature of the International Motor Week at St. Moritz

SIDELIGHTS on the SUMMER SEASON

By Sylvia Lyon

Illustrated by A. GALLAND

MANY returns have been chronicled in history. There has been the Retreat from Moscow, the Return from Elba, the Return of the Prodigal Son, and The Cat Who Came Back, likewise the bad penny and the bread that has been cast upon the waters. There was the Return of King Carol, and the Return of the Native, but nobody has yet written about the Return from Deauville.

NOT that people are coming back. The heat-wave swept summer-long discouraged hordes away to the seaside, the wave coming in mid-week contrary to all convenient traditions. The return of which I speak is the Return of the Husband from Deauville. Long ago, when everybody thought that the French were poor, the Monday morning trains were filled with husbands returning to their desks in town. That weekly equipage was called "The Husbands' Train," while the train going up to Deauville every Saturday afternoon was called "Le Train des Cocus."

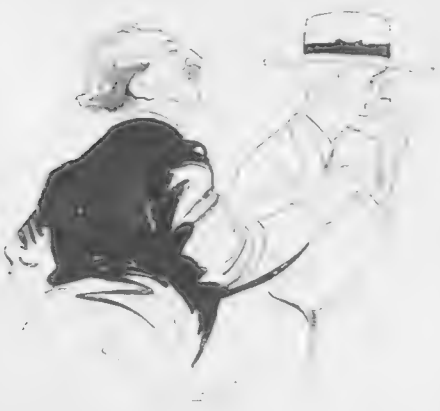
NOW both are empty, or nearly so, the "financial depression" causing the Deauville road to be strung with splendid motor cars filled with dejected husbands returning to town alone. The seats which over the week-end were filled with wife, children and nursemaids are empty save for the poor hard-working father, and that part of the road from Saint Germain to Mantes which was called La Route des Quarante Sous should be changed to La Route des Quarante Cocus. While the first nomenclature originated because the workmen who built the road were paid forty sous a day, a very high rate at that time, the new version could be applicable because the husband pays and pays and pays.

Josephine Baker with her latest pet, a young panther. It attracted a great deal of attention when it appeared on the plage at Deauville, although many visitors decided that distance lent enchantment to the view

EACH resort seems to provide its own seasonal features. The Duchesse de Talleyrand may soon fly to Juan-les-Pins to visit her brother, Frank Gould; the Princess Jane San Faustino may give a charity fête at Venice, starring the Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge as a tight-rope dancer, and the Duca della Vedura in white chiffons and a burlesque spring dance; the Aga Khan may call his villa at Aix-les-Bains the Château Paprika; Briand slips off for a "quiet week-end" at Deauville as the guest of the Czecho-Slovakian Minister in Paris, only to be greeted by

throngs of enthusiastic admirers; but the most interesting news I have heard was the finding of two prehistoric feet, male and female, at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne. The news and the fossilised extremities are quite authentic. I saw a letter sent to a friend of mine by Professor Salomon Reinach, the archæologist, who is President of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres of the Institute of France, advising her to look at these evidences of a new Glozel. But as most of the people who go to Bagnoles have trouble with their legs, and as two prehistoric visitors to this cure lost their feet there, I find the discovery rather alarming.

DURING the winter and spring seasons in Paris there sits in the Ritz a Spaniard whose resemblance



"M. Venizelos was seized by Moro-Gaffieri, the great criminal lawyer"

to King George is so striking that people allow their tea to chill while staring at him. He is the Vicomte de Guell, Chamberlain to King Alfonso, and his brother is the Mayor of Barcelona. One of the most precarious elements of my career is my glib writing about people whom I do not know. Of course, I cannot know everybody, which is just as well, for, after writing more or less impudent things about people whom I do not know, when I finally meet them they all turn out to be so perfectly charming that pretty soon I won't have anybody left to write about. I had written about M. de Guell.

So you can imagine my horror when, arriving at the hotel at Bagnoles-de-l'Orne, where I was to spend a few days with the Princesse Marthe Bibesco, as I stepped into the hall the first person I saw was the Vicomte de Guell. Feeling my doom approaching, I went to the Princess's room and she told me that she was tired and would dine in her room, but "a Spanish friend of mine is taking you to dinner." Of course, I guessed who he was, and as I returned to the hall before going to my room, the Vicomte approached to introduce himself. Although King George has never introduced himself to me, I found their resemblance perfectly uncanny, and when I went to dinner with the Vicomte I felt rather like a secret service agent.

M. VENIZELOS was staying at Bagnoles. And did I see him? I did not, and only because of my name. I wanted to meet him, and a French friend sent a note to the Greek statesman asking if he could give me an interview; Venizelos wrote back that he had sunk into a steadfast retirement: he had come to Bagnoles for a rest, and the first moment he was seen in public he was seized

"Greeted by throngs of enthusiastic admirers"

by Moro-Gaffieri, the great criminal lawyer. The following week-end Venizelos slipped up to Trouville to have a few quiet days with his son Sophocles. But his privacy was immediately violated by an insistent French reporter. Venizelos never did like French journalists, and now he has a consuming hatred for them.

THE following openings have been announced for September. First in order of their importance enter the oysters. Corner-stalls have already been put up, and Prunier's shutters have been taken down. At the Studio des Champs Elysées the first show of the Autumn will be an English production of *The Well of Loneliness*. But how sad it is that this dramatic event will take place after all the pure-minded Americans will have returned to America to school. . . The Théâtre des Ambassadeurs will open with a dramatisation of Claude Anet's *Mayerling*, based upon his novel of the murder of the Archduke Rudolph and Marie Vetsera. Jeff Dickson, the prize-fight promoter, is opening a bar in the Rue Volney, called "The Silver Ring." "Only gentlemen will be admitted," the Press announcements say. The bar will be provided with stock-tickers, writing desks and a mail service. But how will these features identify gentlemen? The nearest definition of a gentleman I have ever heard is this: "A gentleman is a person who uses sugar-tongs when he is alone!" S. L.

Lady Edward Gleichen (centre) enjoying the sunshine at the Czecho-Slovakian Rehnma health resort, Bath Pistany. She is seen with Mr. and Mrs. John W Geary, of Philadelphia, outside the Thermia Palace Hotel

"Only gentlemen will be admitted"

BY STARR WOOD

"Are you sure this is to-day's, because yesterday's wasn't!"

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

JULIENNE

BY

EDWARD KENYON

ILLUSTRATED BY NICK

"You should have been a man," he said, unguardedly voicing a middle-aged thought.

Over the rim of her champagne glass the golden-haired little night-club girl raised an inquiring eyebrow.

"About ten thousand years ago," he continued, "when mates were for the taking, if you could take 'em—regardless of—er—previous arrangements."

She laughed her happy, entirely unrefined laugh, the laugh that jarred so pleasantly on his sensitive ear. He thought of Julienne's laugh, so delicately modulated, so cool and impersonal. He thought of Julienne herself, and wondered what she would think if she saw him in this place with this girl. He felt a little uneasy at the thought of the astonishment and pain that would spring into his wife's eyes. Julienne was not the kind of woman to make scenes, but she would be shocked, for this was a break, the kind of thing that simply was not done. "Society isn't much," she had said once, "but with money" (they had so much that they hardly realised what the word meant) "we can at least avoid vulgarity." A wonderful wife, he reflected, as he patted the small, cold hand that rested so lightly on his knee.

"And why a man?" asked the owner of that hand. "What's the matter with me as I am?"

"Nothing, believe me, my dear girl, nothing." He felt for a cigarette, stirred strangely by the sudden flame of invitation in her frank eyes. "Thanks, I was thinking, admiringly, of your—how shall I put it?—your direct methods. You see a man who interests you. The next minute you are on easy terms with him—and thereafter," with a courteous inclination of his head that seemed somehow out of place in those surroundings, "thereafter he is your very devoted servant."

"Granted," she smiled, and he wondered where she had picked up that oddly dignified lift of the head, "but what other methods are there to-day?" The glance she threw round the room, crowded with limp men and lively ladies, seemed to point the answer to her question. "There's no time for 'by your leave.' Besides," with a sly glance from beneath her lashes, "what would your wife say if I turned up one day, all hot and bothered, and asked her if she'd mind my taking you to one of my low night clubs?"

"About ten thousand years ago," he continued, "when mates were for the taking."

He smiled tolerantly, as one does at a child who must be forgiven for saying the awkward thing. There would be something incongruous about the two together, especially in Julienne's coldly perfect house. The one, brazenly alive, courting attention in her ultra-smart hat, her flashing little fineries; the other, immaculate, the lily-like product of the last rank of the upper ten, gazing gravely at her incomprehensible young visitor. It was unthinkable—though amusing in a way, if you were in the irresponsible mood of recklessness that will occasionally snare the man who is old enough to have put "all that kind of thing behind him."

"I wonder what she would say?" he mused gravely.

"Afraid?" she asked quietly.

"Good gracious, no!" He said it in all seriousness. Afraid—of course not, at least not for himself. He was thoughtful only of Julienne and the shock it would be to her. He shook his head reassuringly. "You really ought to meet her for saying that," he said.

"I shan't, all the same." She drained her glass and set it down with a certain definiteness. "Let's talk about you," she suggested. "You know, I can't make you out. You're so unlike most men. I believe you really want me to have the presents you have given me—for myself. Funny!"

"Not at all. Why else should I give them to you?" He asked the question absently. He knew the answer, but it did not seem worth explaining that such considerations had never entered his head. But now that she had put the thought into his mind he found it difficult to explain to himself just why he had taken up with this delightfully shameless young woman. Was it the sunny, yearning smile, with a freshness that set it poles apart from the smiles alluring, smiles mercenary and smiles insufferable of most women of her type? Was it the quaint, tip-tilted little nose or her disarming frankness and directness? Something about her had arrested his fastidious

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ttention, and since that extraordinary evening six months go he had found that dining with her, dancing with her, nd listening to the never-ceasing babble of her chatter had become a habit—and a diversion which had blown a stimulating draught of novelty into his life. Though blessed with most of the things that men regard as essentials of happiness —money, health, and a beautiful wife—he found life rather dull. Often in his idle, leisurely fashion he had thought of writing a book on "How to be Amused though Rich." Perhaps, married to any other woman, he might have discovered this kind of diversion a little sooner. But Julienne, allying her beauty and breeding to his wealth and position, had given him a lead in life which he had been entirely content to follow—for what happiness is there greater for the philosophic man than companionable association with unpossessable perfection? Not that Julienne was aloof, but behind her delightful friendliness there was something withheld, a secret place that he had never entered. After ten years he felt he knew only a part of her, that part which all their exclusive world knew, the shining virginity of spirit that would recoil at the thought of intrigue, that could never understand an unemotional affair such as this.

But there, he did not quite understand it himself. As he nodded to the waiter who hovered with a fresh bottle of champagne, he asked himself again why he was spending so much time with this girl.

The band moaned into life. "Don't You Know You Just Want Me?" it asked.

They picked their way through the crowded fringe of tables and stepped into the rhythm as into a pattern that was waiting for them. Dancing with her he always felt singularly at ease, and to-night he sensed, vaguely, as she meant him to, the oneness of their flowing smoothness of movement.

After a few bars she leaned back a little so that she could look up into his face.

"No, I can't place you," she said. "Do you know you have never even asked what sort of a place I have. Haven't you ever wondered?"

"No."

She laughed, with a lithe sway of her body. "Hadn't you ever thought about it?"

"No."

The band repeated its wailing plaint, "Don't You Know You Want Just Me?" Then: "No," he said again, a new pressure on his encircling arm. "But, now you mention it, the thought is interesting."

The band, having, apparrently, received a satisfactory answer to its question, trailed off into a neatly marked silence. But a taxi, lurking, with engine running, in the yard below, seemed to be in the conspiracy. . . . As it swung out into the street the girl was flung into his arms—where she nestled, warm and intoxicating. . . .

"Kiss me," she whispered, and the street signs blurred into streaks of silver magic.

Presently he lifted his face from hers, and from her lips came a little gurgle of amused satisfaction.

"So you're a cave man, after all," she laughed; and then, with a note of mock alarm in her voice as she glanced over his shoulder, "But isn't this rather public?"

The taxi had pulled up gently behind a line of cars and motor buses. To the left was a thinning stream of after-theatre idlers. To the right, drawn into the kerb, was a long, low limousine, a limousine that he recognised the better from seeing his own monogram on the door. Overhead, a little to the right and in front, blazed a street lamp, its cold, hard, white light flooding the interior of the cab, illuminating coldly his head, throwing up in sharp relief against the black of his coat the pretty face of his companion. He looked out of the window, across the few yards between the taxi and the limousine, and the few yards became an unbridgeable chasm as he realised that he was looking straight into his wife's eyes.

She made no movement, no flicker of an eyelid even,

(Continued on page 540)

FILM NOTES

All for films—Lupino Lane nonchalantly steps into the sea off the Central Pier, Blackpool, for "NO Lady," a new Gaumont British talkie

Inset: Lupino Lane—as the complete talkie director—an amusing snapshot from Blackpool

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER'S FIRST TALKIE

By Lionel Collier

BASIL DEAN was not slow in realising what could be accomplished on the screen, especially when dialogue became possible. As a stage producer he has an eye to effective staging, as witness "The Blue Lagoon" and other of his productions, while on the silent screen he certainly scored a distinct success in "The Constant Nymph." His first essay in the talking field, "Escape," shows very clearly that he does recognise pictorial values, because when all is said the camera-work and production are much more interesting than either the matter or the acting.

FROM the synopsis of this picture I learn that it is first in many respects. It is Sir Gerald du Maurier's first talkie appearance; it is the first Galsworthy play to be filmed; it is the first picture with scenes actually taken in Hyde Park (think what that meant to official consciences!); it is the first to record the band of the Welsh Guards; it is the first to have actual interiors of Dartmoor Prison; it is the first to receive full use of a privately owned pack of foxhounds (the Fitzwilliam Hounds), and it is the first talkie to be made by Basil Dean.

ALL this is, of course, incontrovertible fact, but it is equally incontrovertible that the theme does not really make its point, and that its episodes are not sufficiently dramatically unified.

WE start with a fox hunt, at which Sir Gerald refuses to be in at the kill because he too was hunted when he escaped from Germany during the War. We then see him in the evening in a grey top hat and "tails" after a race meeting going for a walk through the park. Whether it was due to the grey top hat or not I do not know, but he was accosted. Enter plain-clothes man who promptly charges the girl. She argues; Sir Gerald returns, and with true English chivalry knocks out said detective. Unfortunately, he knocks him out more truly than he realised, and is accused of manslaughter. Five years.

HAVING escaped from Germany, he decides Dartmoor will be easy, so he bolts on a foggy afternoon. Then we have a

"ROLLING HOME"

Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., as a young husband, celebrates his marriage with a bosom pal not wisely but too well—and too late, in a scene from "The Little Accident," a Universal picture

Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., and Anita Page in another scene from the screen version of the stage farce, "The Little Accident"

parallel of the fox hunt, with Sir Gerald harried on all sides. Fortunately, people are most kind. A lady under whose bed he hides supplies him with her husband's clothes. An ex-judge recognises him, but lets him pass. Finally in a church a clergyman pities his sad case, but when circumstances demand that the clergyman should lie on his behalf by denying that he has seen the convict, Sir Gerald steps forth and surrenders himself.

THIS is all very heroic, but what it is all driving at it is difficult to comprehend. Take the fox parallel, for instance. Folk are not usually given to aiding that hunted beast. Again, why should Sir Gerald, in the rôle of Captain Matt Denant, not have been convicted for assaulting a police officer? A visit to the police station with him would have more effectively achieved his object.

REFERRING once again to the synopsis, I learn that when he came out of prison he would feel that he had known martyrdom. Martyrdom for what cause? I would suggest that he would realise how foolish he had been.

The English atmosphere is excellent; the fox-hunting scenes are realistic, and Dartmoor's beauties as well as its grimness are brilliantly pictorial in effect. Mr. Dean has shown real imagination in his treatment, and even if he has not been able to convince us that he has a message to give or a sermon to preach, he has delighted the eye and killed the bogy that only American productions can be polished.

SO far as the acting goes, Sir Gerald du Maurier holds the stage. The play concentrates on him, and the other

"It doesn't seem right to me, the mistress returning home for a month with a gentleman visitor." Mary Brough expresses her opinion to Robertson Hare in "On Approval"

Lupe Velez, the attractive Mexican star, in a scene from "The Storm," a strong drama of the Frozen North. She gives one of the best performances of her career in this film

characters are merely flitting glimpses. The plot does not demand that people we are introduced to recur, which is really why dramatic intensity is so painfully lacking. I feel that Gerald du Maurier loses a great deal of his personality on the screen. He is good, very good, but his technique is that of the stage. He is apt to posture, and the camera will not admit of posturing. His voice is, of course, excellent, and his delivery makes one feel even more conscious how irritating the average American film can be. In the cast are Edna Best, Mabel Poulton, Madeleine Carroll, Gordon Harker, and Austin Trevor, as well as many other well-known artists.

SHOOTING NOTES

Sport and General

Guns crossing a burn at the shoot given by Mr. J. G. Murray. It took place at Clava, on Culloden Moor, in Inverness-shire

SPORT FOR THE SHOT GUN IN "BRITISH EAST"

By "Clodhopper"

WE have of late received a number of letters from people who are going to British East Africa, or Rhodesia, for the first time, asking what the feathered game possibilities are in those healthy and untrammelled portions of the British Empire. In every case our reply has been, "Excellent."

ON many of the grassy plateaux, and in the more open stretches of bushveldt, will be found that king among game birds, the great bustard (the *ghaum paauw* of the Boers), which is far heavier in weight and better in flavour than the wild turkey of the American forests; while, in similar territory, the lesser bustard flourishes. Of all wide-awake and difficult quarry to approach, however, the great bustard stands pre-eminent, and what few specimens of these magnificent birds we have seen brought to bag have been invariably killed with a small-bore rifle. The lesser bustard, though wary enough, is by no means such an impossibly shy and suspicious bird as its huge and close ally, and the former frequently figures on the camp menu.

BUT the bushfowl (double-spurred francolin) korhaan, and guineafowl, may be regarded as the staple "poultry" of the African trekker. Both bushfowl and korhaan we have shot miles away from water of any kind. Guineafowl, on the contrary, are great drinkers and, in well-favoured localities, these birds resort to the banks of the rivers in such immense packs that when viewed at a distance they resemble nothing so much as a moving mass of grey ooze.

BUSHFOWL and guineafowl are bad to beat as runners. In fact, either could easily give an old red-legged partridge 25 yards in a 100 yards sprinting match and beat him into a cocked hat. These birds must be clean-killed and carefully marked down in bush and holding cover of any kind. Otherwise, unless the shooter be accompanied by a very keen-sighted native, or a quick and close-working retrieving gun-dog (very few English-bred dogs can stand the climate of tropical Africa), the majority will be lost.

SAND grouse, as they flight to and from their feeding and drinking places at a pace far greater than that of driven grouse or partridges, afford exceptionally sporting shots. The Prince of Wales enjoyed some good sand-grouse shooting, we believe, during his visit to East Africa.

THOUGH the common or migratory quail is reputed not to travel, in any great numbers, very far into the hinterland, we have killed a good number of these charming little game birds on grassy plains and native farms many miles from the coast-line. Bustard quail are found in small coveys on cultivated lands and where wild seeds flourish; while among outcrops and high, rocky land the bantam-like rock-pheasant is occasionally shot for the "pot."

THE game birds and wildfowl touched upon in these Notes merely represent such species as explorers and sportsmen in Africa generally fall back upon as a welcome addition to the usual camp fare of antelope venison and tinned "chop." Within the limits of space it is impossible to write at greater length on the feathered game indigenous to the "Dark Continent." A good English 12-bore gun and an ample supply of reliable cartridges of British manufacture, however, should most certainly be included in the equipment of every sportsman who purposes either travelling or sojourning in Eastern Africa or Rhodesia.

WE have received from Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, a very interesting brochure detailing the stringent tests which are imposed on all the components which go to make up a sporting cartridge, and also upon the finished product before it is allowed to reach the sportsman. The book, which deals with ignition, pressure, velocity, pattern and recoil, is fully illustrated, and reveals that an article which is sold for a couple of pence or less is subjected to intense research, investigation and test in order that it may fulfil its function—the killing of game. The system of testing explained in this book is probably the best in the world.

THE text explains clearly how the cartridge maker determines the killing properties of his product, and mentions some of the many other tests that are continually being applied for purposes of research. We commend the reading of this book to every sportsman, as we feel that it will give him greater confidence in the cartridges he uses. Copies of "How Sporting Cartridges are Tested" may be obtained post free from the Publicity Department, Imperial Chemical House, London, S.W.1.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

JOIN A SYNDICATE.

THE old prejudice against shooting syndicates has diminished almost to the disappearing point in post-war years. This is partly the result of many first-class domains having been organised on that system and partly because the scarcity of invitations has forced a large number of keen shooting men into the ranks of subscribers. The estate owner who syndicates the surplus guns in his shoot saves himself a great deal of trouble and expense, whilst retaining control. Independently worked syndicates are a success when run by an experienced man who can devote the requisite time and attention to management, yet abstains from excessive private shooting. Financial arrangements are soundest when the shoot is frankly run for a profit, the value given against subscriptions being guarded by the necessity to build up a "goodwill." According to Mr. Webster-Watts, the doyen of syndicate runners, the perfect composition for a party of six is where three subscribers take two places each, so as to bring a friend as guest. Thus, fortnightly engagements supply leisure to accept invitations elsewhere and, what is important, return the hospitality. Great progress has been made, but much still remains to be done before the only logical system of running a shoot has been exploited to the full and the many neglected areas of our countryside brought into a fair state of yield.

The Young 'un: "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

The Old Stager: "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

The Young 'un: "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

The Old Stager: "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in *cask* is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age *and* Quality, of course."

MARTELL'S CORDON BLEU

GUARANTEED 35 YEARS IN CASK

Obtainable from all first-class Wine Merchants.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SCANDALS AND SHIPWRECKS

By Ralph Straus

WILL some kind genius invent a few new adjectives and adverbs suitable for literary criticism? So many of the good old stagers are useless these days. Call a novel "amazingly outspoken" or "singularly daring," even say of it that it would be "distinctly unpleasant but for its streak of real beauty" (you know the kind of thing that is said: I say it myself), and the public merely shrugs its highly sophisticated shoulders. For the blurbers, who can thrive only on superlatives, have taught it wisdom. Years ago it was different: we merely made a slight gastronomic excursion, and if the book under review was more "advanced" than usual, we said that the meat might be considered to be a little too strong, or that the knuckle was being dangerously neared. But to-day—what is to be done?

TAKE, for instance, this new novel by Caradoc Evans—*Nothing to Pay* (Faber and Faber: 7*s.* 6*d.*). What adjectives should be used to describe it? Terrible? Monstrous? Revolting? Or merely bitter and uncompromising? Is it one of those novels which will cause Mr. James Douglas (even though he is not a Welshman) to fulminate to the extent of two heartrending columns—some more of that "filth" which is supposed to be undermining British Letters—or is it one of those dreadful cries to Heaven "that such things should be" by one who knows they exist?

YOUNG Amos Morgan is the son of a blacksmith—a religious hypocrite, a lecherous pig, and a miser. He does not care how he gets money, so long as he gets it and retains a veneer of respectability. He goes into the drapery trade, first in Wales and afterwards in London, pretends to be the meekest and mildest apprentice who ever sold a piece of something or other over a counter at one-eleven-three the yard, becomes the proprietor of a questionable Soho hotel, takes his women where he can find them, and dies of consumption at an early age with £5,000 worth of Treasury notes neatly sewn into his father's bible. A very gargoyle of a man.

THE most loathsome fellow, then, who ever wormed his way into a book; and yet there is an odd sort of fascination about him. His story, too, almost disgusting though it is, has a weird interest of its own. And Mr. Evans writes with such vigour and cunning that there come times when you almost fancy that you must have been apprenticed with Amos in this horrible drapery trade. There may be exaggerations—I am not in a position to know—but I am bound to say that the whole book reads like the unembroidered truth. In any case, it is a book which nobody but Caradoc Evans could have written. It may be scorching, it may be monstrous; it is certainly distressing; but it is the work of a man who intends to, and will make himself heard.

CARADOC EVANS

Whose new novel, "Nothing to Pay" (Faber and Faber: 7s. 6d.), affords him the opportunity of again attacking village life in Wales

THEN there is Mr. Llewellyn Powys's novel, *Apples Be Ripe* (Longmans: 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is not as "shocking" as it might be, but I can well imagine the kind of unfavourable comments that will be made about it. The things of the flesh are never hidden very delicately, but Mr. Powys's young man is no Amos Morgan, and if he loves not always very wisely, at least he never has even a heel in the mud. He is a schoolmaster who cannot conform to the starchier conventions. In an unlucky moment he marries his headmaster's niece—a coldly correct, very "nice" woman. It is a tragically stupid business. Naturally, he has soon had enough of it, and when the opportunity comes he goes away.

AND so as a really free man, far removed from all "scandals" and "sin," he tramps round the countryside, working in the fields for his bed and board. He meets more than a single companion of the other sex, and has his fill of adventure. And then, like Amos, he dies, though, unlike the Welshman, he has really enjoyed his life. Not a "good fellow," perhaps, in everybody's eyes, but in no way the "impossible cad" that some folk will be eager to call him. There are technical faults of a minor kind in the book—Mr. Powys has written several good books, though this is his first novel—but it has grace and distinction—and dare I say it?—a streak of real beauty running through it.

STRANGE the differences between fact and fiction—particularly in the matter of shipwrecks! The point about *The Admirable Crichton* which remains most clearly in my memory is the old lord's pitiable disillusion about the manufacture of fire. "They always tell you," he moaned, "that if you rub two pieces of stick together you will get a flame. The liars!" I recalled that Barrie play more than once while reading Mr. J. G. Lockhart's true story of the *Blenden Hall* (Philip Allan: 10*s.* 6*d.*), which was wrecked one hundred and nine years ago off the inhospitable shores of Inaccessible Island (one of the Tristan da Cunha group). There was not much trouble about fire, but there was a great deal of trouble with the ladies.

WELL, in those days of vapours and trailing skirts, women had not really been educated up to shipwrecks. Nowadays, of course, they would speedily take charge of all departments and have even the most inhospitable island being run in no time like a Woolworth's shop. But in 1821 they still looked on the other sex as their natural lords and masters, and no doubt suffered accordingly.

EIGHTY-TWO men and women were saved from the wreck of the Blenden Hall, and not all of them behaved very well. On his ship the captain is all-powerful, and a crew that is wise will remain at least polite to the passengers; but when the ship has been broken into small pieces, and its survivors are huddled together on a barren beach, authority, and even politeness, have an unfortunate habit of disappearing. And so it was on Inaccessible Island. The survivors were nearly starved to death, in spite of sea-elephants, penguins, wild celery and fish; there were mutinies and

(*Continued on page* 540)

Johnnie Walker:

'The quality of old Scotland is as grand as ever.'

Sportsman:

'And there's no feener example of it than yersel'!"

THE HIGHLAND GATHERING *is held each year at Braemar. This is one of the great social events of the Scottish season — particularly because of the Royal Patronage under which these picturesque sports are held.*

Born 1820—Still Going Strong

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 538*)

thievings; and passengers and crew no longer loved one another at all. It was, however, the frantic and rarely inaudible feud between Mrs. Painter, who "wasn't a lady," and Mrs. Lock, whose skin, unfortunately for herself, was a fine Indian brown, which caused the greatest commotion and scandal during the months that passed before the party was rescued, and which now, after all these years, permits Mr. Lockhart to tell a most entertaining yarn.

AND it really is entertaining. Often, I know, this kind of book will thrill you in childhood and bore you to tears ever afterwards. Probably, too, if, instead of giving us his own "reconstruction," Mr. Lockhart had been content to republish with notes the detailed account of the whole affair which was published in the 'forties by the captain's own son, we should have been equally bored. But he has preferred to use his own words, and that is all to the good. For he has a light-hearted pen, and what he does not know about the more mysterious affairs of the sea is hardly worth knowing. Also, he is a novelist who knows his job. And as a result the story of the *Blenden Hall* is admirable. R. S.

Songs the Soldiers Sang

THE songs sung by the British soldier on the march, in the line, and in billets are a joy for ever, but, until now, the prospect of them finding their way into any anthology seemed very remote. As more than one combatant has been heard to remark, "War's War, —— it!" and many of the favourite songs of the War are scarcely suitable for public consumption! However, in *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier, 1914-1918* (Eric Partridge, Ltd.: 7*s.* 6*d.*) the authors, Messrs. John Brophy and Eric Partridge, have collected a very comprehensive anthology of the Service man's songs which—even if dashes and asterisks feature largely—serves as a lasting reminder of the War and the spirit with which our men faced it, and, in addition, there is an entertaining glossary of the slang employed in the Army.

ALTHOUGH the songs are very complete, there is one notable absentee in a ditty entitled "The Keyhole in the Door," which, even if it could not be quoted *in extenso*, certainly deserves an honourable mention. Also, although strictly speaking it belongs to the Senior Service, a passing tribute might well have been paid to that chanty which relates some of the amatory adventures of a nautical gentleman of the name of William. But it would be petty to carp when the book in question contains so many of the songs which helped to make life endurable for the British soldier, whether he were a pre-War "afore-you-come-up" brand or a "seven-years-or-the-duration man," and it is bound to awaken old memories in the minds of many readers.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PEEPS AT POLITICIANS. By Ellen Wilkinson, M.P. (Allan: 3s. 6d.)

ADIOS. By L. and V. S. Bartlett. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)

GREEN ICE. By Raoul Whitfield. (Knopf: 7s. 6d.)

YEARS OF GRACE. By M. A. Barnes. (Constable: 7s. 6d.)

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SIR, SHE SAID. Alec Waugh. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

JULIENNE (*continued from page 533*)

but he guessed what this moment must have meant to her. There came to his mind the memory of an incident on their honeymoon, when, in an hotel where such a thing was the less excusable, she had discovered the underside of her ornately crested plate to be dirty. He remembered vividly the look of pained surprise that had swept across her face, and he half expected to see it now.

The traffic in front began to dissolve and the taxi jerked into movement. For a moment he sat motionless, his arm still round the warm shoulders at his side. Then he leant forward and tapped on the window.

"But aren't you coming . . . ?"

"Another time," he said, as he swung open the door. "Good-night, my dear."

As he strode along he frowned as he thought of Julienne, so untouched by this kind of thing. Lord, it was difficult for a man to live up to a standard like that. But it was worth it, even if. . . . But there, Julienne never had been for possession. You couldn't really possess any human being in that way. You couldn't own, like that, a violinist or an artist. Their soul, their genius was a thing apart.

She was at the piano when he got in. The last notes of a nocturne drifted to him across the long low room. She did not appear to see him, just sat gazing, through him, beyond him, an unfathomable look in her eyes. He stood irresolute in the doorway for a few seconds, then walked down the room. Gradually her thoughts seemed to come back to her surroundings. When he stood by her side she smiled a little. Then she stood up, straight and statuesque, facing towards the door—and the way of escape from his presence.

"Darling," she said, and her voice was still cool, but strangely colourless. "I'm feeling so dreadfully tired. I'm going to slip away for a few days. To the Cottage. I shall take Yvonne with me. Gilbert can drive me down and then come back. I will wire when I want him to fetch me."

He understood. Naturally she wanted to get away. Almost he blurted out an apology. But, no, this was her way. Better to follow her lead.

He stood aside for her to pass.

"When will you be going?" he asked evenly.

"Early to-morrow morning."

Silently he followed her up the wide staircase. Outside her room she paused a moment, as if in hesitation, then, smiling again that enigmatic smile, inclined her head for him to place his lips, reverently almost, on her white forehead.

"Good-night, my dear."

"Good-night, Charles. Don't worry if you don't hear from me for a few days." She stepped into her room and closed the door softly on him.

HER maid stood at the foot of the bed, her face wreathed in the look of inscrutable pleasantness that her mistress knew so well. Yvonne was a maid for ladies to fall out over. Not young, not old, she had intelligence and discretion. She had been with Julienne for ten years, and, with that subtle privilege of a good servant, was more familiar with the secret places of Julienne's mind than any other person.

Julienne sat down at the dressing-table, listlessly, while Yvonne busied herself about her, quietly, efficiently.

"Madame is not opening her letters?" asked Yvonne, after a little while.

"Are there any?"

"But yes, Madame, here," indicating a little pile close to her hand.

Julienne picked them up without interest, glanced at the envelopes and let them fall from her fingers.

"Yvonne, I am becoming dreamy," she said. "I suppose my eyes are serving me, but I can't remember anything that happened to-day. The theatre, the drive home, it's all a blank."

"Madame's thoughts 'ave been far away?" suggested the maid.

"Yes, far away. My eyes open, but seeing nothing, nothing, except him."

"Monsieur Maurice, Madame?" said Yvonne. "'E is very 'andsome. You think of to-morrow."

"Yes," sighed the chaste lips of Julienne.

E. K.

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BY L. RICHMOND

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A sunny glade in Stanley Park, Vancouver, one of the most beautiful parts of Canada, where the lovely scenery and invigorating air combine to make it most popular with holiday-makers. The above is one of the many illustrations to be found in "The Enchantment of Canada," the artistic and interesting booklet published by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, from whom copies may be obtained on application

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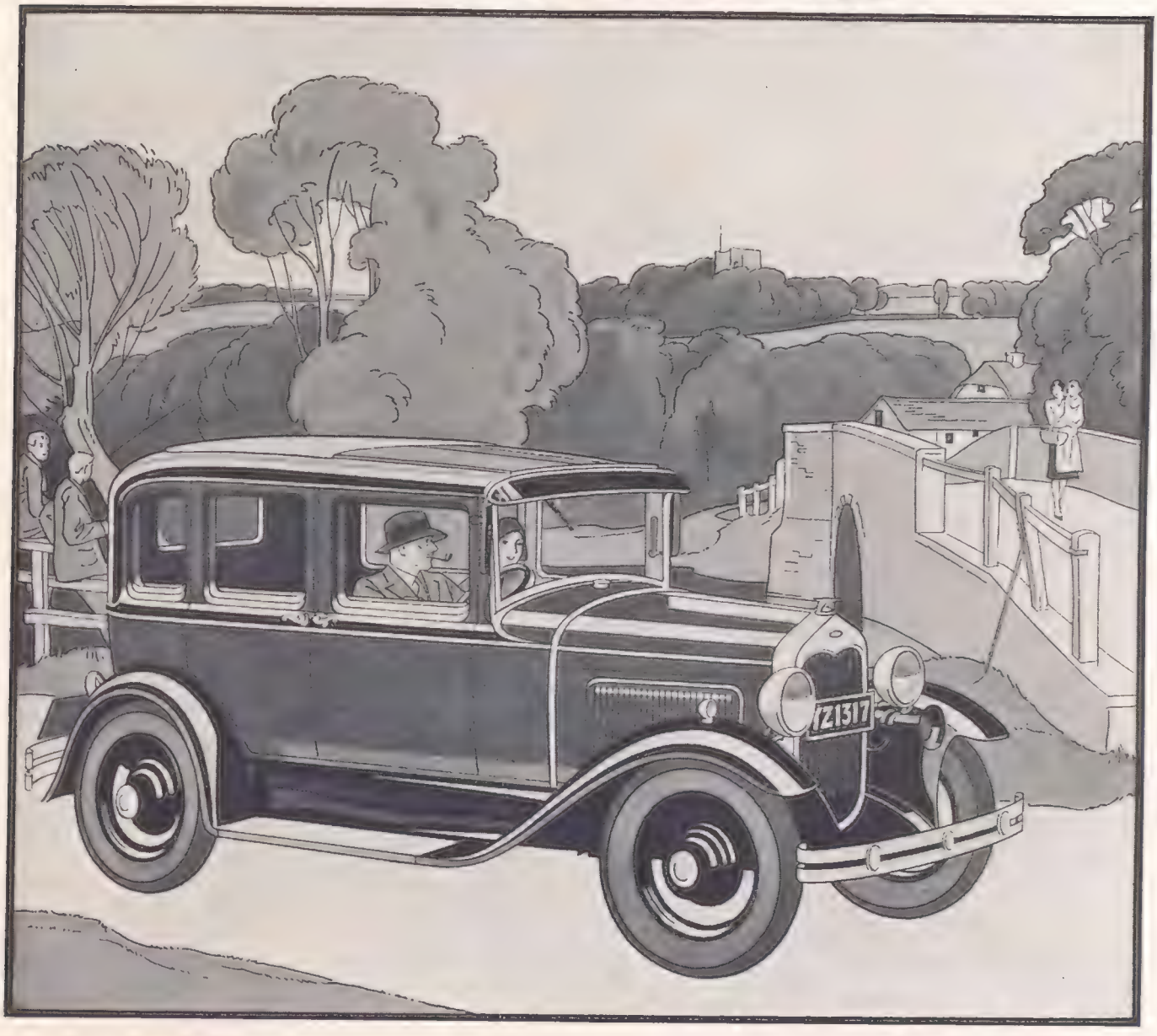

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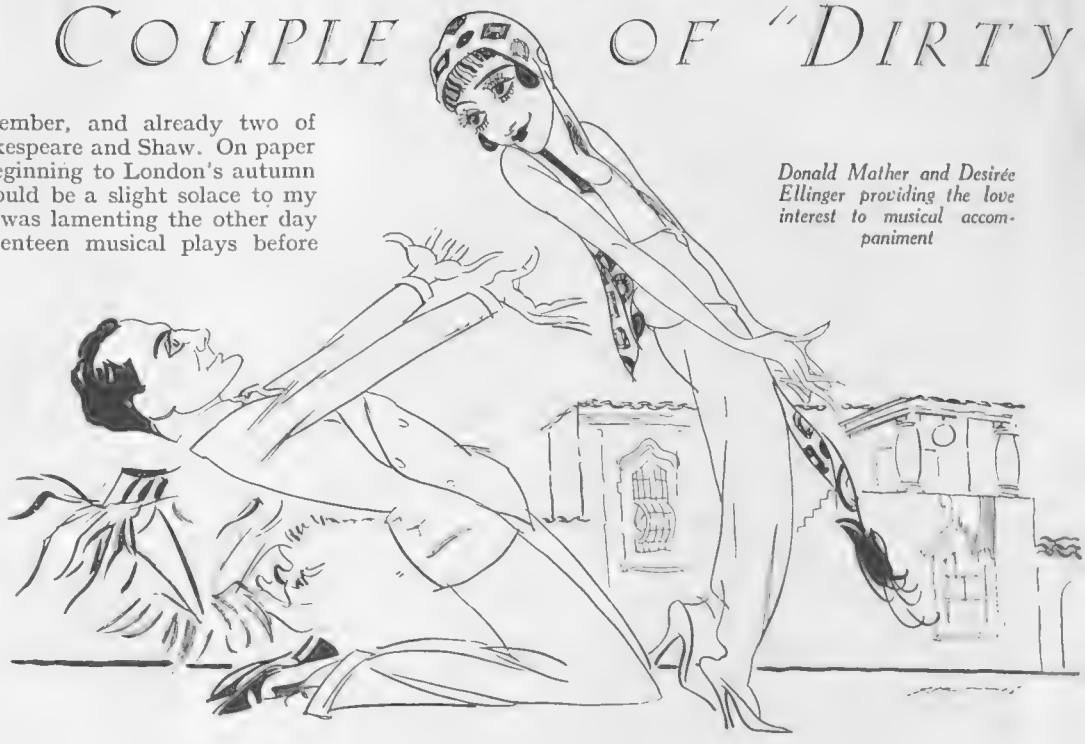
AT THE PLAY

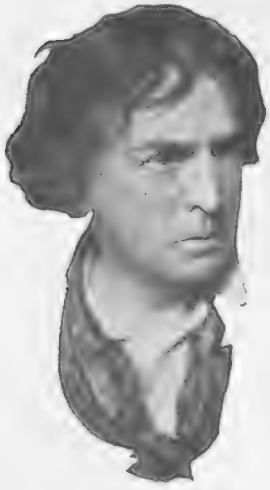
A COUPLE OF "DIRTY



Donald Mather and Desirée Ellinger providing the love interest to musical accompaniment

THIRTY days hath September, and already two of them have gone to Shakespeare and Shaw. On paper that is a pretty good beginning to London's autumn theatre season, and should be a slight solace to my friend Mr. Alan Parsons, who was lamenting the other day that he will have to see seventeen musical plays before long.

SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY (he calls himself plain Martin Harvey in the programmes) has revived *The Devil's Disciple* at the Savoy. This is one of Shaw's Pleasant Plays, and was written about thirty years ago. I believe he wanted the late "Bill" Terriss to be the first to take the name character, but that Terriss could not "see" the play, and turned it down. Perhaps he was right; it is pretty ordinary melodrama, and has never been very popular except among the amateurs and as a bit of repertory stock.



SIR JOHN MARTIN HARVEY
In the revival of Bernard Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple," at the Savoy

THE first act is curiously flat-footed for Shaw. It serves to introduce Richard Dudgeon, otherwise "The Devil's Disciple," otherwise a sort of beloved vagabond, into the New Hampshire setting of 1777, but there is hardly a line of dialogue that is worth listening to. Martin Harvey, so warmly welcomed on the first night that he had to make a musical comedy bow before he could get his opening lines out, has a surprisingly abrupt entrance to make as Dudgeon; little Miss Mercia Cameron has to be extensively browbeaten by Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Margaret Webster (whose father, Ben Webster, sat in the front row of the stalls); and Mr. Edmund Gwenn, last seen in London as a roaring father in *Here Comes the Bride*, has a lot to say as Parson Anderson.

Mimi Crawford keeps her feet—and the play's action—moving to good effect

THE next act picks up, because it has the excellent situation in which King George the Third's brave soldiers, seeking the Parson as a rebel comes upon Dudgeon taking tea with his wife, and are led to believe that he is their man. This is good melodrama, and I could not help thinking that, from this point, the play might make a first-rate film for, say, Douglas Fairbanks if Mr. Shaw would give him a free hand, which, of course, he never would. Fairbanks, the rapscallion, being haled off to be hanged, the Parson riding wildly to try to save him, the Market Place with its preparations for hanging (which does not come off in the end) . . . this is the stuff of which a rattling good film might be made—but probably never will be. It could be called *Daredevil Dick* for the benefit of those who dwell in the long grass.

Shakespeare in the West End

MR. BALIOL HOLLOWAY, at the New, presents another Richard—to wit, *Richard III*. It is the first of several productions which this fine actor hopes to do in the West End during the autumn.

Jerry Verno, a comedian new to leading rôles in the West End, disguised as a dashing signorina

DICKS" — By William Pollock

SKETCHES OF "ELDORADO," AT DALY'S THEATRE, By H. H. HARRIS

Mai Bacon as Greta Garrota uses a little gentle persuasion to make "Dunnum" (Mark Daly) hand over the jewel

I confess that I have forgotten most of the little English history I ever knew, but I do protest that Richard the Third could hardly have been such a wicked, bad man as he is painted in this play. Was it written as a bit of Tudor propaganda and to please Elizabeth? If you take it literally, Richard was horrible through and through, from the hump on his back to his crooked feet.

HE bumped people off in their prime in the manner of a modern Al. Capone or "Legs" Diamond, hiring a couple of dreadful-looking boys (Mr. Hubert Carter wallows as one of them) to do the dirty work. First, poor Clarence, discovered in a strange-shaped cell, guarded by a gaoler who is apparently reading an early Caxton, is cruelly done in, and then the Princes in the Tower are removed. Richard is shown planning these dastardly acts in stage whispers out of the corner of a hard mouth—whispers which must surely have been overheard from time to time by people unless they were either stone deaf or else extremely slow-witted.

IT is very difficult to overcome these awkward situations on a comparatively small stage, and I must say that I found it almost impossible to get any sense of reality from the play. One of the particularly jarring things was the noise the scene-shifters made over their jobs. Really, they ought to be quieter.

BUT Mr. Holloway's acting makes the play a personal triumph for him. He is extraordinarily good, and never for a moment can you take your eyes off him or not attend to him. I heard him likened in the intervals to Henry Irving and then to Lon Chaney, but the truth is that he is now showing Central London an individual character study that is familiar to those who have troubled themselves to go to the "Old Vic" sometimes. It is certainly one of the fine bits of acting in London. W. P.

Oscar Ashe (left), in a very heavy part, receives support from Robert Nainby, in a startling uniform, and George Ide in an outsize in sombreros

---

"Eldorado" at Daly's

IT was pleasant to see musical comedy at Daly's again. This theatre some years ago had its regular following, simply because, like the Aldwych to-day, it had a settled policy. That policy was blasted to bits by such un-Daly-like events as a Russian Chauve-Souris season (bad), a Scots dialect comedy (middling), a translation from the German, and a variety of other none too successful efforts. If *Eldorado*, a new musical comedy of many authors, settles down into a long run, it will bring Daly's on to the map again as a theatre with its own public. I see no reason why this should not happen.

THERE is plenty of colour in the show, which is all about diamonds and love distresses in South America. If, so far as the humour is concerned, it proves that Brazil is also a place where the chestnuts come from, there is no reason why lots of fun should not be added as the piece proceeds. At any rate, I know of no musical comedy in which there is more—which, perhaps, is faint praise.

WHAT I can praise, honestly and whole-heartedly, is the singing of Miss Desirée Ellinger (who has the voice of a prima-donna and the inestimable advantage of not looking like one) and the dainty grace of Miss Mimi Crawford. There is nothing that Miss Crawford does not know about dancing; she has a pretty voice, and she is a most accomplished actress. She is as English as English can be, and can talk that language without the mincing gentility that mars 80 per cent. of our musical-comedy leading ladies.

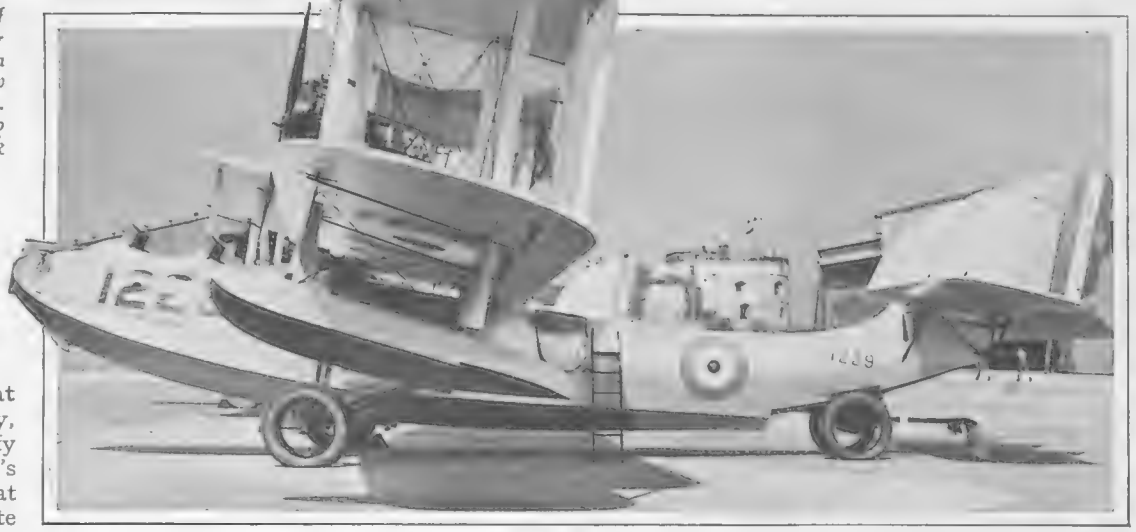
MR. JERRY VERNO was very funny in a piece of female impersonation in Act II, which was quite without offence, and the male chorus, a virile and vocal crew, eschewed, thank goodness, any form of female impersonation whatever. Si sic omnes! It was like the good old times to see Mr. "Bobby" Nainby strutting about irascibly as he did—well, never mind how many years ago.

The plot of *Eldorado* is nonsense, and great chunks of it must come out, if they have not already done so.

FLYING NOTES

LEARNING TO FLY — By Capt. C. E. Ward

Capt. Costes and M. Bellonte about to start off from Le Bourget in their monoplane, "Question Mark," in which they flew the Atlantic in record time. They flew non-stop to Curtiss Fields, New York



Photographs *Sport and General*

One of the R.A.F. machines of the 201st (Flying Boat) Squadron, showing new all-metal hull. This Squadron recently left England on a cruise to the Baltic

A Flying Holiday

MANY people full of good intentions complain that they have no time to learn to fly. A pupil who joined the Club at Hanworth recently, determined to qualify during a fortnight's leave, has proved that it can be done in spite of bad weather. His instruction occupied ten days, after which he took a further two days for qualifying tests and returned to his job with an "A" licence, backed by eighteen hours' experience in the air. This total is more than sufficient for the preliminary stages, provided that one can get regular practice every week-end. After fifty hours in the air it is quite safe to allow periods of several months to elapse between flights, but every opportunity should be taken to get regular practice so that experience is gained in all weather conditions. Flying is similar to riding, swimming and driving a car, in that once the art has been acquired and confidence established, it will always be possible to take off, make a circuit and land without causing heart-failure amongst the spectators. To be of real value to the individual, however, flying must be undertaken in bad weather, and experience gained in navigation, otherwise it is impossible to set out on a tour of any length with the reasonable certainty of success. The fascination of air travel is sufficient to lure the majority out of sight of the home aerodrome, and once it has been lost and found again, a cross-country flight is undertaken without a qualm.

"Stealing the Show"

THE Americans have a very good expression, known as "stealing the show," for a superlative performance by one person where several are engaged, not in competition. It was applied last month to Ft.-Lt. Atcherley's demonstration of the Lynx-engined Lincock at Chicago, his handling of the machine being so good that it was beyond the vocabulary of the American reporters to describe it. Captain Barnard has "stolen the show" twice within a few weeks, his last raid being a two days' flight to Tangiers and back, carried out on the same Puss Moth, with Arens controls, as used for the Malta trip. The average speed worked out at 109 m.p.h., the petrol consumption at 20 miles to the gallon, and the cost of petrol and oil for 2,500 miles was about £10, or a penny a mile. Of course, the Puss Moth is already well-established in public favour as an owner-pilot's machine, but it has not yet been used for commercial work, such as mail carrying, for which it seems to be well suited judging by Barnard's recent flights. If Malta and Gibraltar are but fourteen and twelve hours' distant from London respectively, it seems high time that we gave them a direct air service.

Night Flying

BEFORE the War, night flying was a popular entertainment at Hendon, since when no effort has been made to revive it as a public spectacle. It is possible to see quite a lot of night flying at Croydon by hanging about until the early hours of the morning, but this is essentially a commercial affair, being the arrival and departure of certain enterprising foreign machines which carry mail and freight. It is impossible at present for any civil pilot to get a "B" licence, which depends, amongst other things, on a night flying test without travelling to Croydon, this being the only aerodrome in the country fully equipped with lighting for night landings. Lympne will be in the same category very soon, but there are no private or club aerodromes where floodlights, boundary lights, or obstruction lights exist. At Histon, where the true pioneer spirit is on top, a night flying week has been arranged, due to start yesterday. Two of the Airwork School machines have been fitted with navigation lights, so that dual instruction will be possible for advanced pupils, and passengers will be carried. Private owners may fly their own machines, provided that navigation lights are installed. The illumination of the landing area is being carried out by Messrs. Chance Brothers, who have loaned a mobile aerodrome floodlight unit for the purpose. This light develops something like one million candle-power and draws current from a generating plant driven by its own tractor. Units of this type are required at all aerodromes, and it can be only a matter of a few years now before every one is equipped for night flying as a matter of course.

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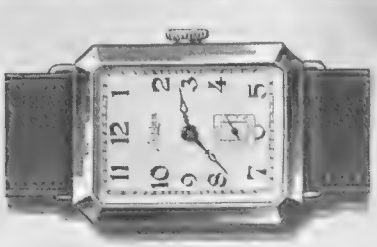

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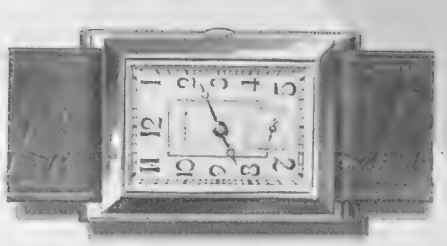

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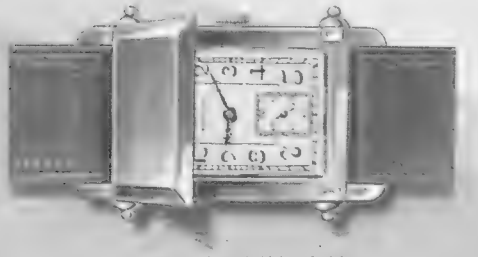

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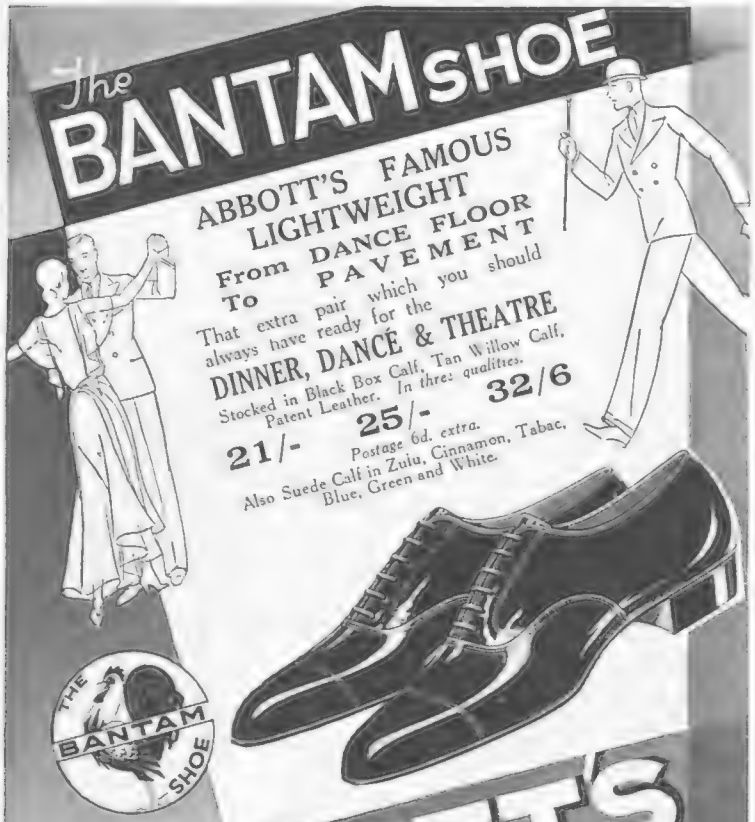

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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

AN EVENING FROCK INSPIRED BY BUTTERFLIES

Scintillating embroideries trim many of the dresses that have come to London from the early autumn Collections in Paris. This beautiful model, which may be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, is expressed in heavy white crêpe marocain. The draperies of the bodice are held in place by a long diamanté ornament, which forms the body of a butterfly, the wings being outlined in diamanté and silver threads Slender panels fall from the deep V at the back

FASHION DELVES INTO THE PAST

By Olive Caley Smith

Four attractive handbags from Gorringes, novel features of which are the detachable boudoir clock and a metal frame enamelled to match the leather

Leg o' Mutton Sleeves

EVERY woman, no matter what her type, will be able to find her ideal dress this season, for the frocks that are being shown in Paris are infinitely varied. The famous designers have gathered inspiration, not from one but from many eras, and one may in consequence be Victorian, Grecian, or of the Empire period at will. These influences are strongly marked—not merely hinted at. For instance, the leg o' mutton sleeve has returned, though in a modified form which is not unattractive. It is seen on afternoon dresses, and makes a frequent appearance on fur coats, while there are evening frocks which have unmistakable bustles. If they are made in faille or printed taffetas the effect is achieved by looped panels, and if a transparent fabric is used fluted draperies rise from the hem to the waist like cascades. Victorian flower jewellery is worn en suite.

Directoire, Grecian, Mediæval

THE most striking difference in the fashionable silhouette is caused by the flared basques and peplums which are seen alike on jackets, frocks, and lingerie. Standing out from the waist, these basques vary from about three to eight inches in width, while peplums stress the line of sheath-like tunics, some of which are laced together down the back. The very tall and willowy may adopt Grecian draperies, and those who are picturesque may turn themselves into mediæval maidens adorned in rich brocades or sombre velvet. In the daytime the tunic is made exactly like that of an old-time page, and the skirt reaches to within two or three inches of the ankle, while at night a short-waisted, tight-fitting bodice, with a deep square neck, surmounts a flowing skirt which touches the instep.

Modern Accessories

STREET clothes demand the most modern of accessories, for it is always details that finally make or mar an ensemble. At Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, there is a very interesting collection of handbags, some of which are illustrated at the head of this page. An outstanding novelty is the inexpensive pochette at the extreme right. It is made of coloured morocco, and is fitted with a mirror and a small removable clock. This is framed in charming shades of Galalith, and has been specially designed for use in the boudoir. Next to it is a Java goat bag with a metal frame enamelled to match the leather. At the foot of the group is a willow calf pochette fitted with a purse mirror and a silk letter case, the flap being finished with a brass bar, while the last of the quartette is made of finest sealskin, lined with suède, and mounted on a British brass frame.

Youthful Equestrians

WITHIN a few minutes' walk of Rotten Row, where horse lovers forgather day by day, is a place that is well known to countless equestrians, for there riding outfits for youths, girls, and children are obtainable at surprisingly low prices. Nor does this mean that worth is sacrificed to cheapness, for the Bedford Riding Breeches Co. has been established for twenty-two years, during which time it has enjoyed a most enviable reputation. The splendidly tailored riding jacket and jodhpurs sketched at the foot of this page can be cut and made to individual measures for as little as four guineas, or the breeches alone are available for one guinea. A visit to 19, New Quebec Street, W. (just one minute from Marble Arch), would prove a revelation, but, for the benefit of those who cannot make it convenient to pay a personal call, patterns and full instructions for self-measurements will gladly be sent free if the name of this paper is mentioned.

Schooldays Ahead

TWO interesting catalogues, devoted to the requirements of boys and girls, have just been issued by Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street and Regent Street, W. In the latter are depicted day and party frocks, coats, riding kit, travel requisites, hats, etc., and the pages of the former are devoted to clothes for every manly occasion. This firm specialises in regulation school outfits, and they will always gladly give advice on this subject. Copies of these helpful booklets will be sent free of charge and without delay to anybody mentioning the name of this paper.

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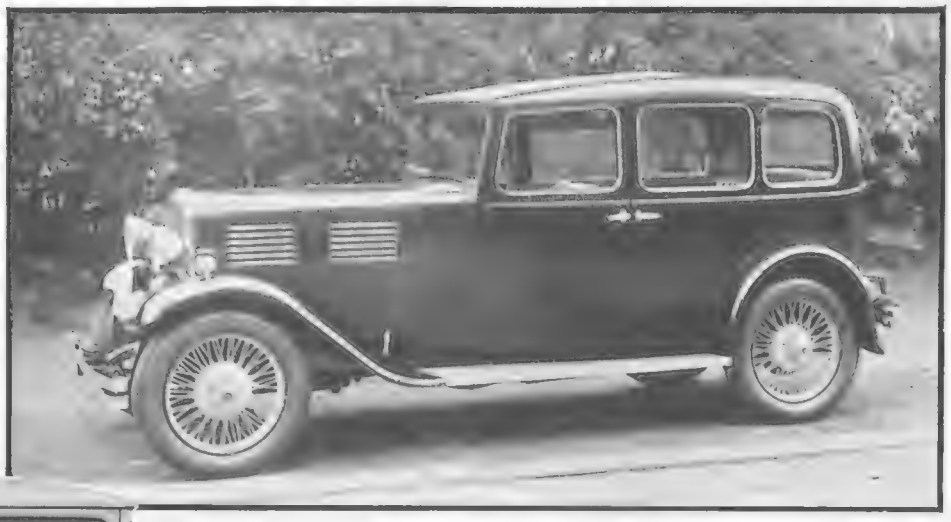
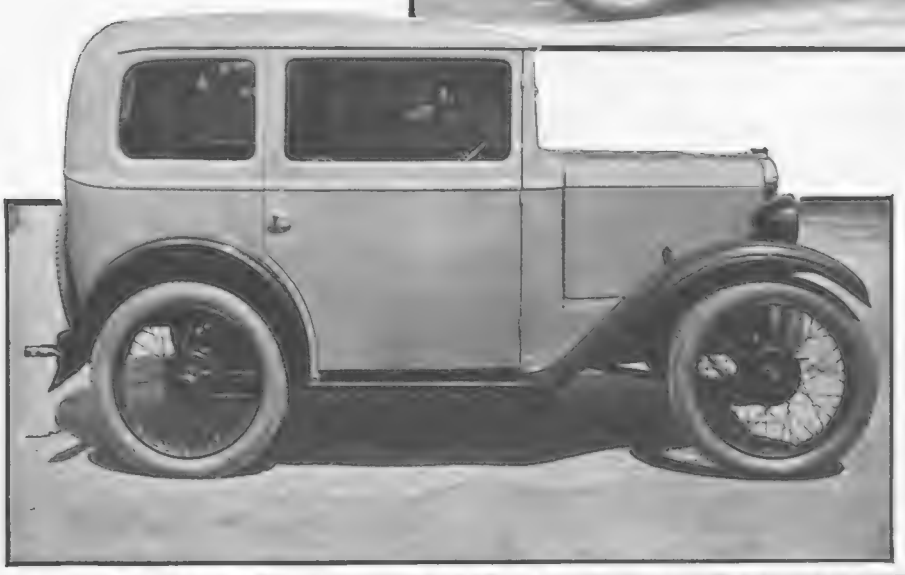
SENSATIONAL CAR PRICE CUTS

The great car manufacturers, including Austin, Morris, Standard and Wolseley, have announced big reductions on new or improved models and are making a big bid for world sales.



An excellent example of a new British "type"—the Light Six. This latest Standard "Ensign," of 15 h.p., costs but £245 in fabric finish or £285 in the 4-speed coach-built model shown here



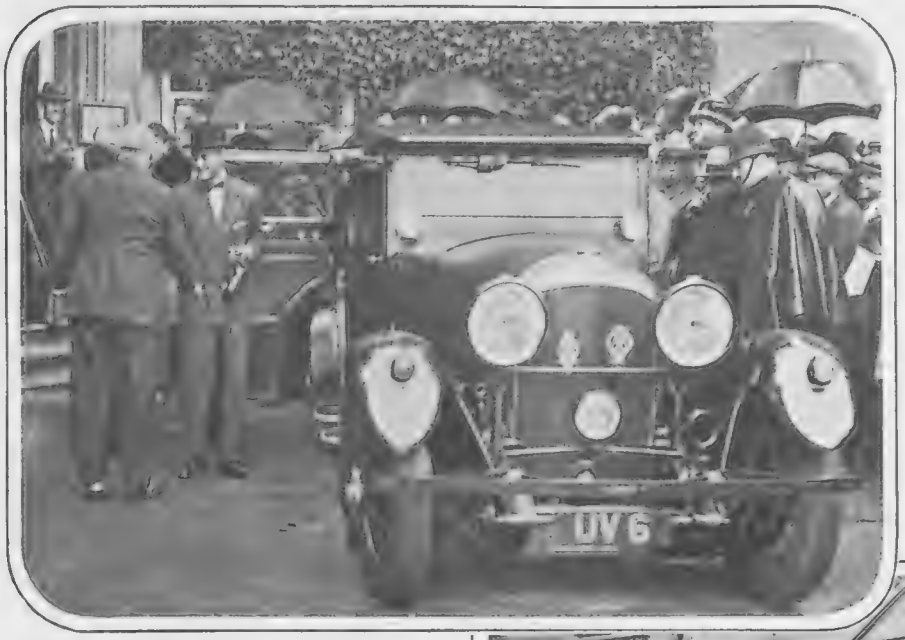
The ever-popular Austin "Seven" saloon, recently enlarged and smartened-up, is now reduced to £130. This is the coachbuilt model, and at such a price will certainly be a five-figure seller

Great Britain's Henry Ford beside his latest creation: Sir William Morris, Bart., and the new Morris "Major" Saloonette (two-door four-seater). At £215 it is the cheapest "six" of 14 h.p., or upwards, on the market

A consignment of the new Wolseley "Vipers"—the cheapest British "Sixteen," at £285—ready for delivery at the works in Birmingham

MOTOR NOTES

RUMOURS & REVELATIONS By E. M. Wright



The Prince of Wales leaving the Oval, which he visited during the course of the final Test Match. He is seen about to enter his 4½-litre Bentley car

THIS is the time of revelations. For months Coventry has been agog with rumours of the cars which this or that maker was to introduce in 1931. The veil of mystery which has concealed their secrets for so long is now being torn aside as one after another the programmes are announced. Despite the usual outcrop of new models the programmes this year, revealed or as yet only hinted at, are chiefly remarkable not for their intrinsic novelty, but for the fact that the fashions introduced by a few pioneer firms last year and the year before are now almost standard practice.

***

THERE will, for instance, scarcely be a car of any size without a four-speed gear box with some form of silent third. Save among the smallest babies, with, however, one or two striking exceptions to which I shall refer later in this article, the four-cylinder is being, or has already been, ousted by the six, which in its turn has to face growing competition from the Straight Eight. Price reduction is hardly a novelty. What, however, is refreshingly new in these hard times is the fact that so many firms have announced, or are hinting at, substantial all-round reductions. To remark that, even though prices will be lower, greater value than ever will be offered is merely to repeat a well-worn cliché. Nevertheless, I make no apologies for doing so, for unquestionably it is true.

***

THERE is one development, however, which is quite new. Its significance, too, could hardly be overestimated. With certain makes it will now be possible to buy a car either in a four-cylinder or in a six-cylinder version. With a body built as wide as the track will allow, and with wells in the floorboards, the average small car of between 10 and 12 h.p. is as roomy and as comfortable as anyone who cannot afford a really large car of the luxury class could wish for. Its maximum speed is sufficient for the majority of users. It is thoroughly reliable, and it costs extremely little to run. But there are thousands who would willingly pay a little more for extra power and greater refinement. To substitute a six-cylinder engine of the same bore and stroke for a four-cylinder in the average small car is to transform it. A 50 per cent. increase in power without any corresponding increase in weight will result in a 10 per cent. improvement in speed and 20 per cent. better acceleration and hill-climbing; while the whole car will gain in refinement, silence and comfort.

HITHERTO, however, when a maker has listed a small six-cylinder as well as a four, each has generally been entirely separate and distinct. This is an expensive way of doing things. For in dividing his output among an unnecessarily large number of different models the maker merely increases the production costs of each. Where he is able to create a six by little more than adding two more cylinders to the existing four, big economies can be effected, and the six need cost very little more than the four. The body and almost the whole of the chassis would be the same for both models, and even many of the engine parts would be interchangeable. Indeed, instead of there being a difference of nearly 50 per cent. between the price of the four and that of the six, the difference need amount to no more than £50.

Messrs. T. Lane and W. Osborne, two former workers in the Riley factory, who shared a £61,000 prize in the Calcutta Sweep. They are seen outside the depot of Messrs. S. H. Newsome and Company, taking delivery of the two Riley Monaco Saloons which they have bought

SUCH programmes as have already been announced are not only interesting in themselves; they are also in many cases an index of what will be the general rule. The Standard people were the first firm to announce their new programme—and a very attractive programme it is. Three models are listed, the 9 h.p., the Ensign Six and the Envoy Six. Externally the most remarkable feature of the new Standard range is the redesigned radiator, and internally the almost universal adoption of the four-speed gear box with silent third, for this is now available even on the 9 h.p.—on special models. The horse-power of the 1931 Envoy has been increased to 20 h.p., the new Ensign model of 16 h.p. taking the place of last year's model of this name.

***

THEN, of course, there is the Morris programme. The pièce de résistance is the new Morris Major, a

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

six-cylinder of 14.9 h.p., which at the price of only £215 for the Salonette—a two-door, four-seater saloon—is the cheapest British Six on the market. The price of the Morris Minor has been reduced from £130 to £125. Indeed, throughout the range there have been reductions, the Morris Isis, for example, being now only £330, as compared with £375.

***

ALTHOUGH it is contrary to the policy of the Austin Company to make a feature of annual programmes, they have recently announced important reductions in price affecting nearly every car in the range. All models of the Austin Seven have been considerably reduced in price, the cheapest being now listed at the remarkably low figure of £122 10s. It will, of course, be remembered that a modified and greatly improved version of this popular little car was announced at the beginning of July. Detail modifications both to the chassis and the bodywork are announced on the 20 h.p., 16 h.p., and 12 h.p. models, while prices in some cases have been reduced by as much as £40 or £50.

***

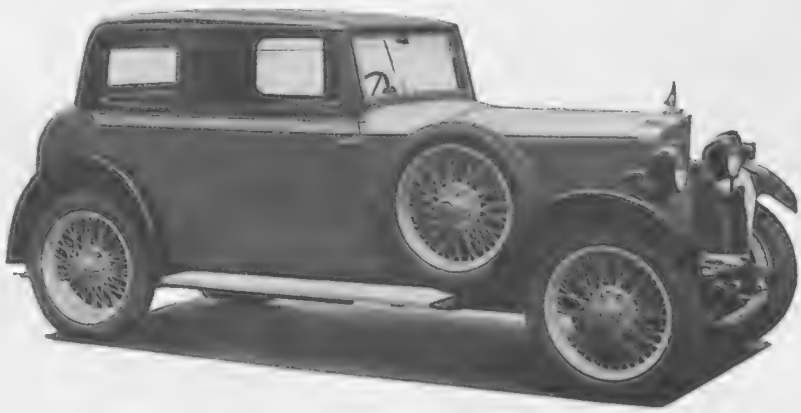
THE Triumph Company, too, have brought down their prices, the reductions amounting to between £5 and £17. They have also introduced an entirely new model, the Gnat, a sports two-seater with a specially tuned engine on a standard Super Seven chassis.

***

THE Rover people announce an entirely new Light Twenty, combining many features of the Two-Litre with the engine of the Meteor. All three types are now fitted with a silent third four-speed gear box. Price reductions also figure in their programme, the 10-25 h.p. model now being listed at the remarkably low figure of £189. Last but not least comes the Alvis. At a time when most makers are falling over each other to convert their four-cylinder models into six the Alvis people, who have done so well with sixes and eights and are still retaining them, have now taken the bold step of introducing a new four of 12-50 h.p. at prices ranging from £395. It will be interesting to observe the progress of a new and up-to-date luxury four.

***

THE A.A. announces that, to deal with the increasing number of motor tourists through Harwich Port, new and up-to-date electric cranes have been installed to facilitate the handling of this traffic. Motorists who have suffered from the trouble and delay which is experienced when the machinery employed to transfer cars from the docks to the boat is of the cumbersome and slow type will greatly appreciate this news.



THE 14-45 "SCOUT" TALBOT SALOON

This handsome coachbuilt saloon was driven by the Editor recently over the steepest hills in Devon and Cornwall, and its performance was admirable. The price is £395, and the car runs over 20 to the gallon

A Useful Booklet

WITH the passing of the new Road Traffic Act motorists must learn their law afresh. A very handy booklet has just been issued by the A.A. summarising and explaining the provisions of the Act, and is now available to every motorist on application to the Secretary of the Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, W.1, or to any of the branch offices. The motorist who fails to make himself *au fait* with the latest edicts of the powers-that-be will find that the many pitfalls which already lie in wait for him have increased. E. M. W.

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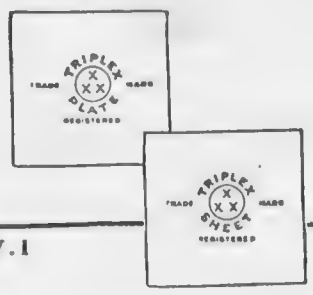


The Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd., 1, Albemarle St., London, W.1

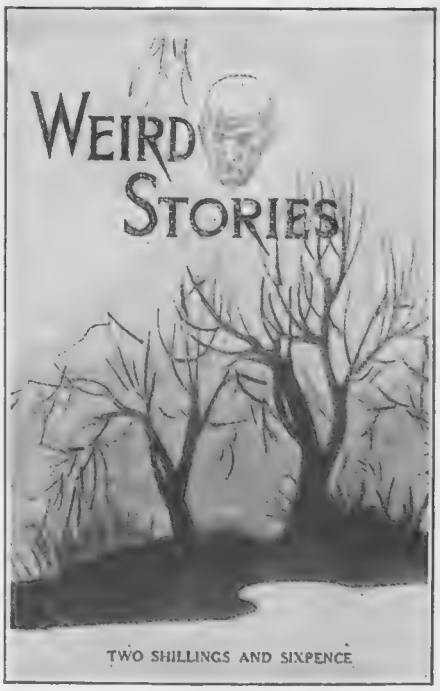
Folks Who Always Feel Tired

Should Be Suspicious of Auto-Intoxication

A persistent tired feeling, accompanied by drowsiness, dull headaches, and a general lack of interest in life in general, is one of the surest signs of a state of self-poisoning. Intestines, becoming sluggish, allow the waste matter to accumulate. Putrefaction sets in, which breeds toxins that are absorbed by the blood stream and carried to every part of the body to steal your strength and vitality, lower your resistance, and make you chronically weak, tired, and listless.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and the lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time! Mark the better appetite you have and strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.



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DOGS

SHOWS AND SHOWING — By Lady Kitty Ritson

THERE exists in the mind of the average man in the street a distinct haze over the matter of shows and showing. He sometimes feels that he would like to show his dog, if only for the fun of the thing and to get the opinion of a good judge, but he is told: "Oh, you'll never have a chance against these professionals, it's waste of money," etc.

Now this is not the case, for although, unlike the parson who announced that "Providence had made all women pure and all men brave," I do not believe that *all* judges are honest, I do think that, on the whole, and particularly under a judge who loves the breed for the sake of the dog, a complete novice has just as much chance as anybody else.

IN THE DOG DAYS *Central News*

Three Alsatians join their mistress in seeking relief from the heat by taking a dip in the sea at Brighton

DISGRUNTLED beginners are apt to forget that the man who has been showing for many years knows exactly how to "put a dog down" to the minute and exactly how to show him off to the best advantage, and that is often why the novice fails to win a prize, particularly in a breed like wire fox-terriers and others that require careful trimming. But we all have to learn and to start at the bottom rung of the ladder, and I can well remember the time when I walked at the bottom of each class, wearing that particular goat-like expression which the unfortunate "last man" assumes by instinct. Now I have bred my own champion, but it was nothing but long years of perseverance that did it.

HOWEVER, as I have said, it is good fun attending a few shows, particularly the small evening ones. If you feel you would like to have a try, buy one of the "dog-papers," there are two that come out every week, costing twopence, and see what shows are advertised. Then write to the secretary of the show for a schedule, which will arrive together with an entry form and also a form for registering your dog at the Kennel Club, if he is not already entered. It costs only a few shillings to do this. Then choose the class or classes in which you wish to show him and mark them, with the other necessary particulars, on the entry form. Don't choose the open class, because there you will meet all the "stars." Novice is a good class for a beginner, or maiden or débutante. I should enter in only one class the first time, so that if you lose you will not have wasted a lot of money. Three shillings or thereabouts is the average entrance fee, or even less.

WHEN you arrive at the show you will be told by a steward when your class comes on, but be sure to be handy and do not let the judge have to wait for you. After the judging, ask the judge if he would mind giving you his opinion on your dog, pointing out its faults.

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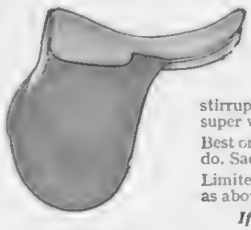
are reminded that we have the largest stock of new and secondhand saddles, by all London makers, and that our super horse-clothing is excelled by none.



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Best Leather-lined Rugby Panel Hunting Saddle (our own best make), complete with pair of super hand-forged steel or super nickel stirrups, pair super leathers, and super woollen girths £11 11 0
Best ordinary Serge-lined full Panel do. Saddle, complete as above .. £10 10 0
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SPECIAL LINE.
Extra Super London Colour, full size Horse Blankets (all wool), 8 lbs. - 40/-
Other Blankets (7 lbs.) - - - - 35/-
Night Rugs, all interwoven, extra heavy 5ft. 9in., and Surcingle - - each 25/-
Ditto, Second quality - - - each 15/-

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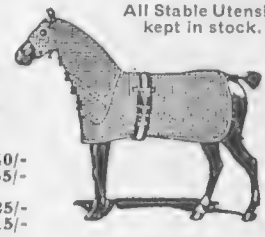

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To the man who is thinking of buying a new overcoat

THE "NEW TAILORING"—the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

The buying of an overcoat is regarded by far too many men as an ordeal They plead . . . "no time for a lot of trying on . . . no good at picking out a pattern . . . probably won't like the coat when it comes." And so on.

To "New Tailoring" enthusiasts this attitude of mind seems mid-Victorian. Seven years ago the "New Tailoring" was introduced to bring the buying of clothes into line with modern needs, above all, to give a man that lasting satisfaction which fine tailoring alone can provide—without its delays, its element of risk, its unduly high cost.

Many men have proved that the "New Tailoring" has accomplished all and more than it promised. Its history has been one of unbroken success, and every year we are able to offer greater value, better service.

Thus, to-day, we are in a position to have luxurious Scottish and English fabrics woven exclusively for us at the most economic prices . . . to extend our system of mathematically graded fittings to an unprecedented degree.

With this result. For autumn and winter, 1930, we present the most magnificent range of overcoats ever offered in the "New Tailoring."

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Romance

A London girl lost her wages a short time ago. As a result, she is going to be married in three weeks' time. This is how it happened. The girl, Miss Ivy Ansell, is employed in the bakery of J. Lyons and Co. She mislaid her salary, and searched for it everywhere. But eventually she had to give it up as lost. A week later one of the company's dealers in Wales sent back the missing envelope, which bore the girl's name, and which he had found in a box of tarts despatched to him. The girl wrote the dealer a personal note of thanks. Later still, the dealer wrote to Miss Ansell. He was coming up to London. Could she show him some of the sights? The girl could. She was given an afternoon off. She showed the dealer round London, and in the evening he took her to supper at a friend's house in Shepherd's Bush. Miss Ansell and the dealer's friend are to be married in three weeks' time. Who said Romance was dead?

Romance in the City

A history of some of the square yards of the most famous "square mile" in the world, written and illustrated entirely by members of the staff of a bank, has been published by Lloyds Bank to mark the opening of their new head office in Lombard Street. "'Twixt Lombard Street and Cornhill" tells the story of the site on which the new head office of the bank stands. It is a site crowded with the ghosts of men, legendary and real, who have played their parts in the building of London as the financial centre of the world. It brings vividly before us these men, their hopes, ambitions, failures, successes, and their contact with the great ones of the past. The book is bound in imitation vellum, and its pages are reminiscent of the work of the old-time monks, whose illustrated manuscripts are among our greatest treasures. There are many full-page illustrations in colour, and the letterpress is embellished by ornamental letters and scrolls in gold and colours. Each page is bordered with small sketches of the people and incidents mentioned in the book. The author has captured the ancient spirit of the City. He has been fortunate in his colleagues of the bank, whose drawings and sketches set before us the vivid word pictures which he draws in our minds. The book is on sale at five shillings.

AN ATTRACTIVE LIVING ROOM

The illustration shows a living room of sufficient length to allow of a long dining table and yet ample room to gather around the brick open fireplace, designed by Messrs. W. H. Gaze and Sons, Ltd., of Kingston-on-Thames. The beams and chimney shelf are formed of old ships' timbers, white-washed rough walls, and oak floor boards

Tourists in Italy

As there seems to be misconception in some quarters regarding the effect of the earthquake in Italy, the Italian Travel Bureau in London points out that the earthquake was confined to a limited area east of Naples that is not visited by tourists. Naples itself was practically unharmed, and such resorts as Sorrento, Amalfi and Capri, on the Naples Riviera, where many people go in summer for sea bathing, are remote from the affected area. The Italian Travel Bureau has had many enquiries as to whether it is "safe" to go to the Dolomites, Italian Lakes, Italian Riviera, and various other summer resorts which are hundreds of miles from the scene of the recent earthquake, so hazy is the public knowledge on the subject.

Sport and General

A salmon trying to leap the Struan Falls, near Blair Athol, in Perthshire. Salmon have been making their way up the rivers in Scotland in big numbers this year, and everything gives promise of plenty of good sport being available for the keen angler this autumn

SEPT

OCT

NOV

DEC

Britain's Most Beautiful Guest House comes into its own ★

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WHY REMAIN GREY?

How Society Men and Women Re-create their Hair's Lost Colour

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read, yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and causes it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above.

The One Method Endorsed by the Press.

"THE QUEEN" (and "COURT CHRONICLE") says:

"'Facktative' certainly is admirable in its results. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it: its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, *and so on; but it is in its* wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour *to the hair that its chief interest lies."*

"SUNDAY TIMES" says:

"'Facktative' is nature's own remedy and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise . . . I have personally used this restorative . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (*Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty"*).

☞ *Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent, and spontaneous testimony which the sterling merits of* "Facktative" *have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the* FACKTATIVE CO. (Suite 59), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, *for a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.*

Remarkable results follow this method. Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.

No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.

You can easily prove this: when the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and you will find not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair and not a dye or stain.

ENCOURAGES STRONG LUXURIANT GROWTH AND IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Besides restoring the lost colour, the Facktative treatment is of especial benefit to those who are returning to the longer hair vogue, and who are anxious to quicken a strong, luxuriant growth.

It removes all accumulations of Scurf or Dandruff.

It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.

Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger and even takes as much as 10 to 15 years from your apparent age.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY FREE

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the **FACKTATIVE Co. (Suite 59), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1,** for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dye or stains.

Just mention your address and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free in plain sealed envelope, free from observation.

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.
(ŒUFS À LA PROVENÇALE).

SALADE DE HOMARD.
EN MASCARADE

PERDREAUX RÔTIS AU CRESSON.
POMMES DE TERRE FRITES.

SOUFFLÉ GLACÉ.

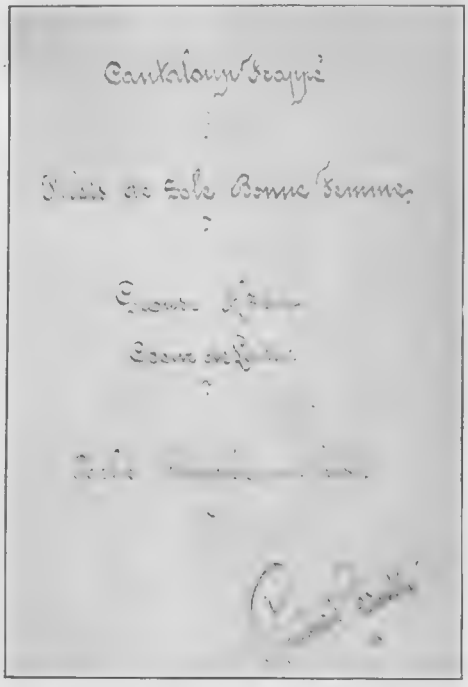
DESSERT. CAFÉ.

Œufs à la Provençale

BOIL four eggs hard, shell and cut them in halves lengthways. Remove the yolks and pound them in a mortar with three boned anchovies, two ounces watercress, some butter, a teaspoonful anchovy sauce, and a pinch of cayenne. When pounded, rub through a hair sieve, and fill the whites with the mixture. Dish up on shredded lettuce with the remainder of the mixture in the centre.

Salade de Homard en Mascarade

TAKE a plain round mould and place a jar inside filled with ice. At the bottom of the mould first place a layer of well-flavoured aspic jelly, coloured red, which has been whisked up. When nearly set lay this on ice, and when set add a layer of natural-coloured aspic, also whisked up, then a layer of aspic coloured green, and so on till the mould is full. Put on ice till quite firm, then pour out the iced water from the jar and fill it with hot water and remove it; then fill in the space with lobster mayonnaise, which, of course, has already been prepared. Place on ice again for an hour or so, and then turn out, garnish with aspic, slices of cucumber, and prawns.



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PLUCK, draw, and wipe the partridges inside, and cut off the heads, truss the same as chickens. Roast about half an hour. When cooked place on toast on the dish, garnish with watercress, and serve with brown breadcrumbs, bread sauce, and gravy.

Soufflé Glacé

PUT half a pint of cold water into a stewpan with the yolks of ten eggs, place the pan in a basin of hot water, whisk them till they become light and hot, then whisk them over ice till cold. Mix in a pint of whipped cream, a quarter of a pint of syrup, and a quarter of a pint of any liqueur that may be prepared. Soak some pieces of sponge cake in wine and place them at the bottom of the soufflé dish and pour the mixture into it; surround with a band of paper two inches higher than the dish. Then set the soufflé on ice for some hours, and when about to send to table strew some ratafia crumbs over the top and remove the band of paper.

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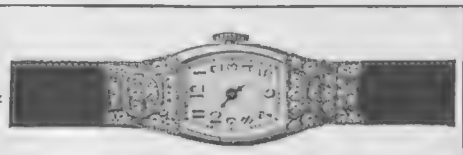

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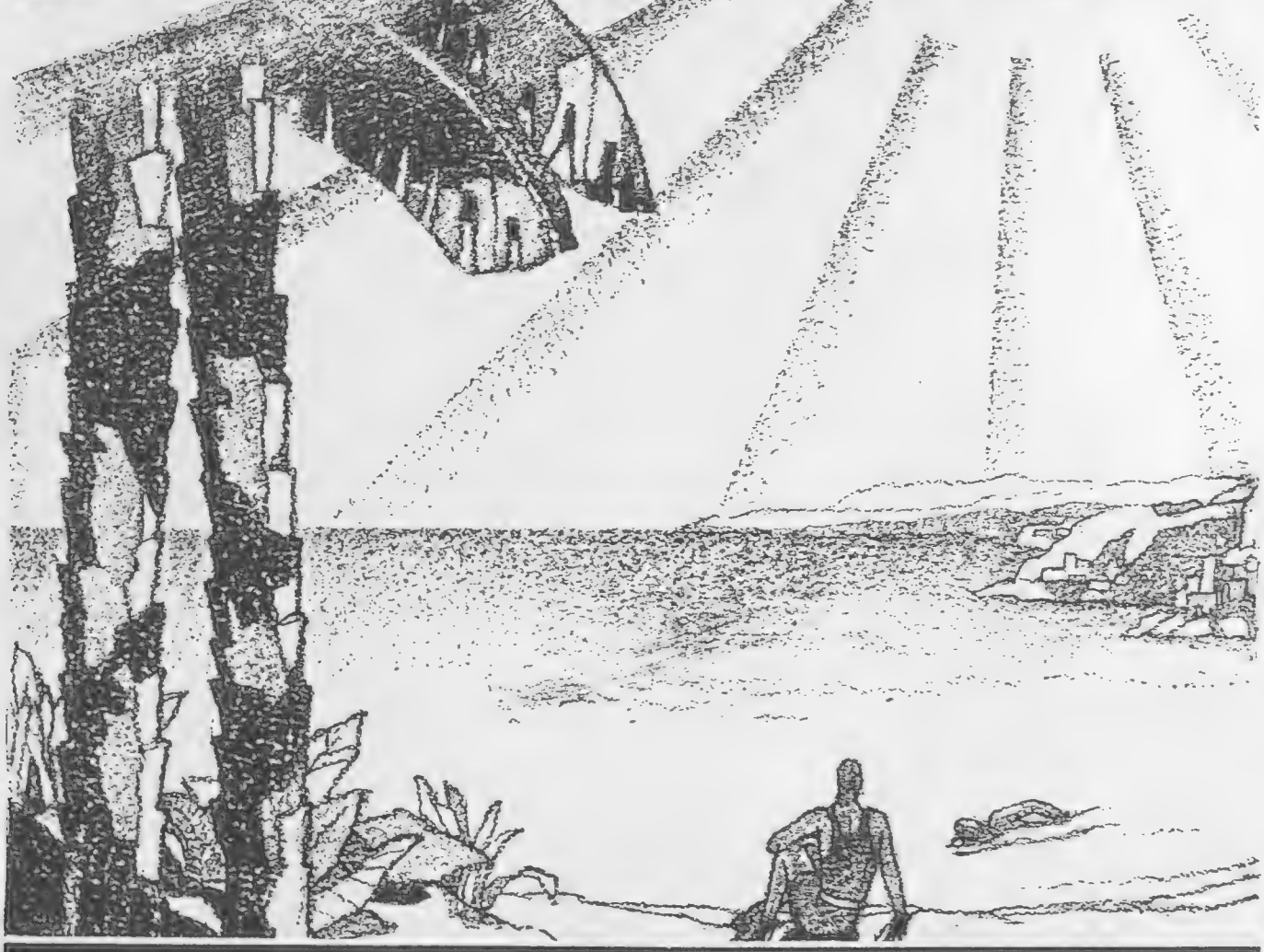

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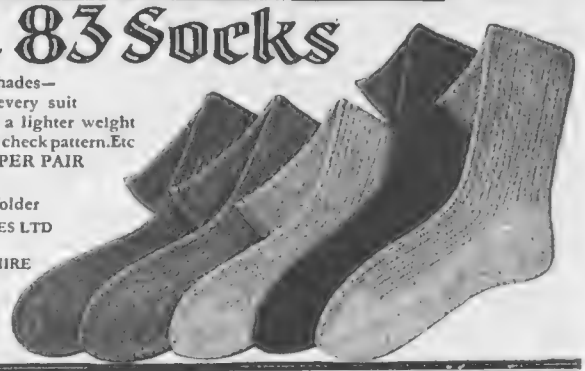

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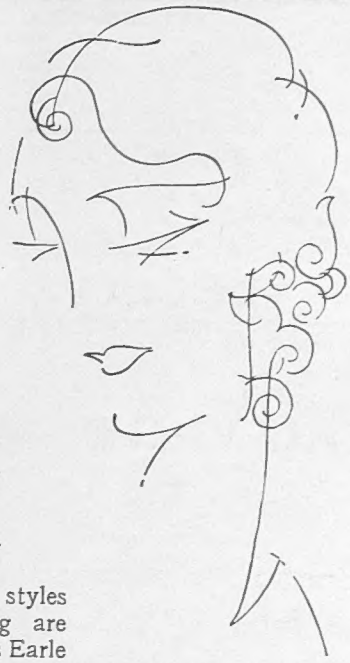

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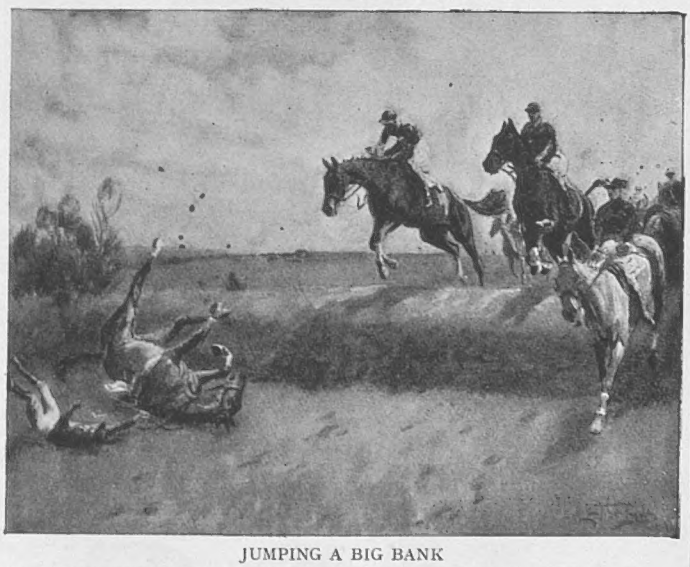

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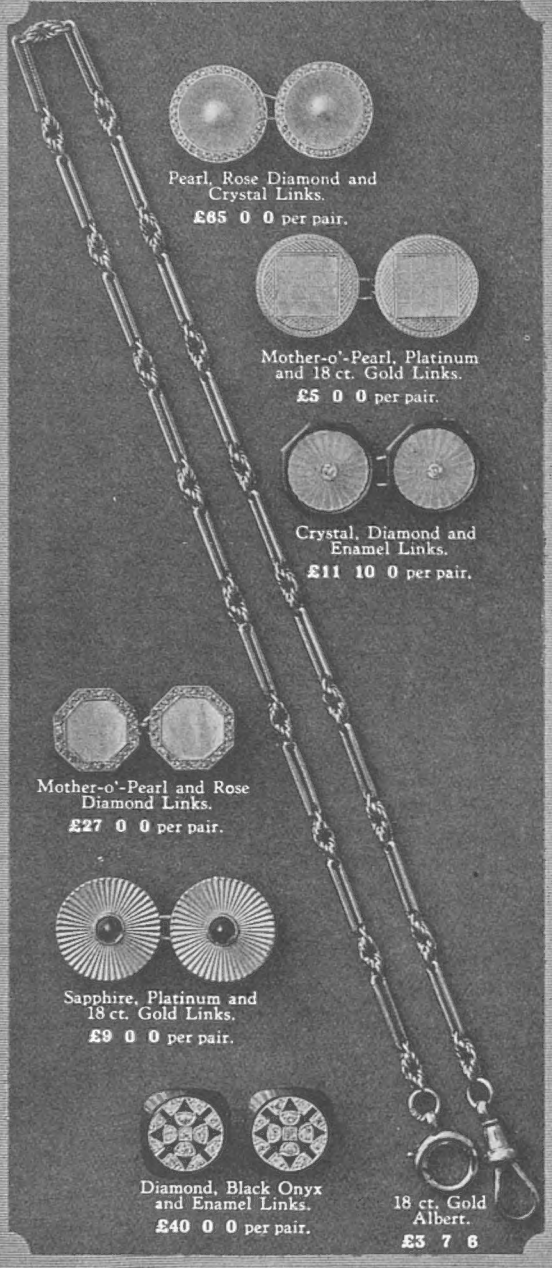

Pearl, Rose Diamond and Crystal Links.
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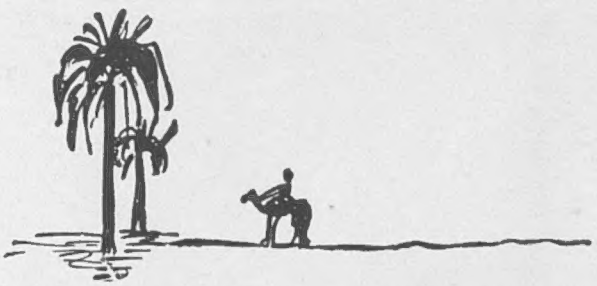

TO THE DESERT IN A DAY!

on

K·L·G plugs

Captain Barnard, who has just flown to the African Continent—the first solo non-stop flight to Africa—and returned next day, used the plugs he chooses for all his flying. The machine used by Captain Barnard was a Puss-Moth, actuated by Arens Safety Flying Controls.

Do Men do This?

Read "The Vicar's Wife" by Phoebe Fenwick Gaye. It is a remarkable Story with a remarkable Theme—How two people, to whom Parenthood was denied, found strange solace for an Empty Cradle, and of the "Graven Image," creation of a Girl Wife's distracted imagining, before which they "bowed down and worshipped" in a tragic heresy of Make-believe.

IT was a doll of about thirty inches in height, the size, if not the shape, of a child of about two years old. The body, the arms to the elbows and the legs to the knees were of cotton, stuffed with sawdust, but the head, hands and feet were of wax, pink and slippery. . . . It had been placed flat upon its back in the cot and was dressed simply in a nightdress of fine linen, exquisitely worked with lace. A string of bright blue china beads (the only relic of doll-dom) encircled its throat.

The shock to Dr. Kirby must have been tremendous: he had turned the coverlet back mechanically and as mechanically had taken the creature's left wrist, feeling for its pulse. Then—still holding the wrist—he had turned and faced Hardyment as he sat at his wife's side on the couch, trying to tear some explanation from the man by the compelling power of his eyes.

And once again that evening he knew the truth from the Vicar's face—the improbable, almost impossible, truth which yet *was* true—a belief which demanded the most delicate treatment, the tenderest touch, as it wavered on the brink between sanity and madness. . . . He had turned meaning to rend him for this most sinister of practical jokes—and instead he had found both man and wife waiting for him, their eyes fixed, eagerly and fearfully, on his face.

"Is she worse, Doctor?" whispered Hardyment. "Will she live?" . . . .

Suddenly, terribly, Dr. Kirby wanted to laugh.

But the laughter was quelled within him, shamed into silence by the expression in their eyes. . . . They believed that the doll was their child. They believed it to be alive. The whole thing was preposterous, of course—the sort of madness woven in a madhouse—but there it was. How it had come to pass was no concern of his. *His* concern now was for the Hardyments in their delusion, and for *their* health's sake he must keep up this pitiable pretence.

His brain worked quickly. Action must come now. Questions could come later. . . .

"THE BARBARIAN," by Rex Beach.
"IN THE YEAR OF REVOLUTIONS," by F. Britten Austin.
"THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST," by Beatrice Grimshaw.
"WHEN I WAS DOWN AND OUT," by Gilbert Frankau.
"THE FAKE OF THE FILM STAR," by Hannen Swaffer.
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There's a good reason why folk say "I wouldn't be without BRITANNIA and EVE for worlds." The September Issue, On Sale Now, is packed with fine short stories

"Well, I simply GRADUATED TO 'DUGGIE'"

Lord Bob : "It will interest you, Ted, to know you were the subject of a discussion at the 'Radminton' last night."

Sir Edward : "Very gratified to hear it, Bob; what was it about?"

Lord Bob : "Someone commented on your enthusiasm for 'Duggie,' and whilst everybody agreed it was quite justified, we wondered how it all came about."

Sir Edward : "Perfectly simple; just for the same reasons that every keen backer wanting to bet under the best conditions now does business with him."

Lord Bob : "Do you mean that you, like most of us, had the usual unpleasant experience with these old-fashioned firms?"

Sir Edward : "Yes; I suffered, for years, from ridiculous limits, restrictions about lost telegrams, place betting in odds-on races, and a hundred other things, until I heard wonderful tales of 'Duggie.'"

Lord Bob : "And then?"

Sir Edward : "Well, I simply GRADUATED TO 'DUGGIE.'"

Lord Bob : "What's he doing about the 'Tote'?"

Sir Edward : "Same as starting price, 'no limit.'"

You, like Sir Edward the Enthusiast, must eventually GRADUATE TO DUGGIE —WHY NOT NOW?

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.